THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIV.—No. 965

MAY 31, 1922

Registered at the G.P.O as a Newspaper

THE DERBY—Special Notes and Pictures

MOTOR TYRES AT
1/3 of Present Market Prices
Send your worn tyres to Dept. D.M.Y.
ALMAGAM
MILLS·HARPENDEN
3000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS
Evesham, 4/5/22.—"Please state cost or as near to reline and recover two back tyres, Dunlops 30/3½. You repaired some for me last June that have worn better than they did when new."—Yours truly.—

BOLLINGER'S
By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.
CHAMPAGNE
1914
Vintage

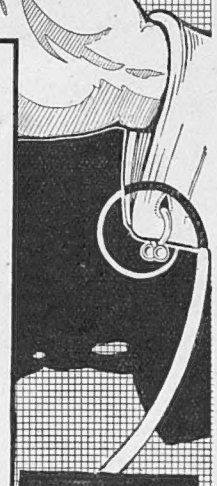
Reduced Price 1/11 per yard
TAMBORINA
The Beautiful Lawn for Beautiful Lingerie
"A Shade for every Mood"
In 25 Shades
42 Inches Wide
Write for Patterns & a Draper's Address
J. & N. PHILIPS & Co. LTD
Advert. Dept.
MANCHESTER

The attire you require when you rise or retire.
"Viyella" (Regd)
From high-class Hosiers and Shirtmakers everywhere.
SHIRTS and PYJAMAS
SHIRTS from ONE GUINEA
Patterns from William Hollins & Co. Ltd.
Hollins DAY & NIGHT WEAR
204, "Viyella" House, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

BOURNVILLE COCOA
MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS
See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

ROOD & Co. LTD
50 YEARS' REPUTATION
52 & 53 Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London, W.
BUY JEWELS
from us if you want good value
SELL JEWELS
to us if you want cash.
EXCHANGE JEWELS
with us if you want something new.
FINE JEWELS

Can't Come Undone 1/6 PER PAIR



AT LAST!—a 9 ct. gold-plated link for soft cuffs that can't come undone; won't come unfastened accidentally.

You will admire their smart, "dressy" appearance. Slip them into your cuff—click!—and they're there to stay. Safety-grip holds link firm against every wrist-movement.

Just the thing for sportsmen. Equally suitable for ladies' blouses. Thousands sold. If your hosier cannot supply, send direct to-day and get a pair by return.

SNAP-LOCK LINK CO. (Dept. 27), Town Mills, Dudley.

Snap-Lock Links

PATENT 21735

Miss Joyce Barbour in her 'L.B.' Felt. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

For the River

In White, Putty, String, Sepia, Champagne, Oyster, Pearl, Havana, Cornflower, etc.

Zephyr weight (folding) Featherstitched edge. 29/6

Ordinary Soft Felt weight, Bound edge. 35/-

Model shown No. 719.

Made in various fittings.

Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Exceptional Value in

Crepe de Chine Nightgowns

Charming Night Gown as sketch, a copy of a recent Paris model made expressly for Harvey Nichols, entirely hand-made in good quality Crepe de Chine, daintily trimmed with Paris lace put on with Anglaise stitch, and finished with pin tucks. In Ivory, Pink, Lemon and Sky.

PRICE

35/9

Chemise and Knickers to match, 21/9 each garment.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

INEXPENSIVE
TAFFETAS
TEAFROCKS
FOR WHITSUNTIDE

THE value of these Tea Frocks is quite exceptional. They are made by our own skilled workers, and they follow the latest trend of fashion as expressed in the newest French models.

"MAISIE."

DAINTY TEAFROCK in shot or plain chiffon Taffetas with the new bretelle bodice and double panel skirt, trimmed picot edged ruchings and finished with self sash. In a large range of colours and Black.

POPULAR PRICE

98/6

Outsizes, 21/- extra.

Catalogue post free.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

BURBERRY
SUITS for FIELD SPORTS

SINGLE-PLEAT BURBERRY SUIT

Workmanlike models designed to provide unrestricted freedom, made in lightweight materials, woven and proofed by Burberrys' special processes, which insure protection against wet and cold without impairing the ventilating properties common to woven fabrics.

BURBERRY SUIT
The Ideal Fishing Kit

Expanding pleats and Pivot Sleeves, combine to give the liberty essential for long and tricky casts. Made in the famous Burberry Gabardine which, besides being rain- and wind-proof, is impervious to thorns, brambles and EVEN FISH-HOOKS.

Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns Post Free

BURBERRY GABARDINE ANGLING SUIT

SINGLE-PLEAT SUIT
The Golfer's Aid

With Pivot Sleeves, the Golfer's suit *par excellence*. Ensures increased down-swing and follow-through when driving, and control when approaching and putting.

MANY OTHER MODELS

are to be seen at Burberrys at prices well within the limits of modest means. A choice assortment of Scotch Tweeds, Donegals, Shetland and other cloths for Sports' Suits, at

8 GUINEAS THE SUIT

(Coat and Knickerbockers)

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Bd. Malesherbes PARIS ; & Agents in Provincial Towns

Burberrys Ltd

KNITTED WOOLLEN WRAP COAT
FOR TENNIS AND SEASIDE WEAR

This attractive Knitted Woollen Wrap Coat is made exclusively for Debenham and Freebody from soft fleecy yarn, very light in weight, and is an ideal garment for wearing after Tennis and other summer sports.

KNITTED WOOLLEN WRAP COAT (as sketch) made exclusively for Debenham and Freebody from soft fleecy yarn, quite light in weight, a useful wrap for Tennis or Seaside wear. In White and many fashionable shades.

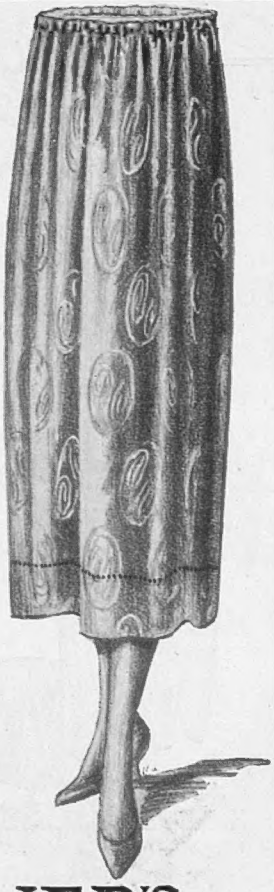
PRICE
6½ Gns.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Special Value.

Cachemire De Soie PETTICOATS



PETTICOAT of Broché Cachemire de Soie (a pure silk fabric with soft satin finish, remarkable for its exceptional wearing quality) finished at foot with hemstitched hem. Colours—Rose, Saxe, Stone, Black, and Nigger.

PRICE
29/6

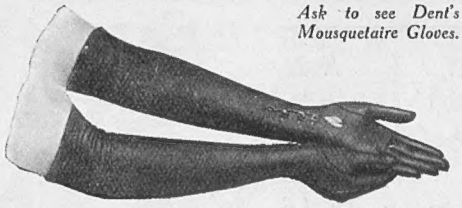
Similar Petticoat in plain Cachemire de Scie. Colours—light and dark Saxe, Grey, Nigger, Putty, Rose and Mastic.

PRICE
25/-

Jenner's pay carriage.

JENNER'S
PRINCES-STREET EDINBURGH

Ask to see Dent's Mousquetaire Gloves.



FROM Orient to Labrador, by camel and sleigh, Dent's buyers search the world over for the finest skins and furs for glove making.

No pains are spared to obtain the best material for Dent's gloves, no trouble too great to ensure their shapeliness and finish.

"D" on the fastener or "Dent" in the wrist, indicates a glove you can rely on.

DENTS

Smart Scotch Knit "Alba" Sports Coat

This model is a charming creation in pure botany wool with a neat check design introduced in the collar, cuffs and pockets in pretty two-tone contrasts. The raglan shoulders will be noted. Colours—Amethyst, with two-tone check in Silver and Black; Putty/Sky/Brown; Saxe/Mastic/Nigger; Grey/Sky/Lemon; Mole/Saxe/Mole; Putty/Jade/Rose, and Saxe/Mole/Saxe.

Price 52/6 only

A selection will be sent for approval on receipt of a reference or remittance.

The above is one of the famous range of Scotch Knit 'Alba' Sports Coats which are so favourably known amongst ladies to whom the exclusive in quality and style makes appeal.

Send for the New Coloured Illustrated Catalogue—post free on request.

GREENSMITH DOWNES,
145, George Street, Edinburgh.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

HOSIERY DEPT.

Princess Petticoats

We have now in stock a large selection in Milanese silk, lace wool, and artificial silk in the newest styles and colours. Silk Milanese Princess Petticoat (as sketch), daintily scalloped and hemstitched. Top trimmed real Maltese lace in a most effective and handsome design, a perfect fitting and most useful garment in White, Pink, Mauve, Lemon or Sky.

PRICE
39/6

Special shades dyed to order in a few days.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE
CREPE DE CHINE
LINGERIE
FOR WHITSUNTIDE

WE have in stock a large variety of exclusive Lingerie, specially designed by our own artist and made in our own workrooms from really high-grade materials.

New shape **NIGHTGOWN** in good quality crepe de Chine, trimmed with groups of tucks and embroidered spots round neck and sleeves. Finished with hemstitching. In Ivory, Lemon, Pink, Mauve, Sky, Apricot.

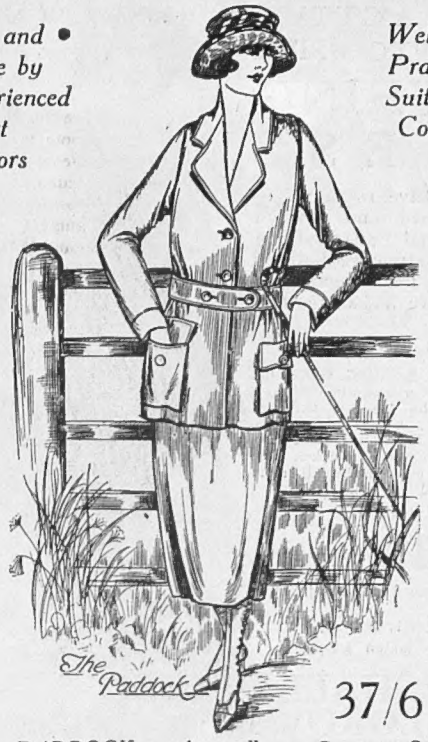
PRICE
29/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

SHOOLBREDS

Cut and made by experienced Sport Tailors

Well-cut, Practical Suits for Country wear



37/6

THE PADDOCK. A well-cut Country Suit, in Fawn Cotton Gabardine, Covert Coating Colourings. A belted Coat and well-balanced Skirt, with two pockets.
(ALSO IN COTTON SHANTUNG, 59/6)

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

EXCLUSIVE RACE AND FÊTE HATS

CHARMING HAT (as sketch), of fine black tulle with a series of ribbon pleatings, finished with loops and ends of ribbon at sides. In Black.

PRICE 6 Gns.

Can be made to order in any colour.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS LTD.)
WIGMORE STREET (CAVENDISH SQUARE) LONDON, W. 1

NICOLL TAILORED GOWNS

8½ GNS. TO ORDER

"ADELE"

A simple, yet extremely attractive, Coat and Skirt, made from best quality Summer-weight Suitings—new colourings and patterns—by experienced tailors in Nicoll's own workshops. TO ORDER. 8½ GNS.

Illustrations of Nicoll Fashion Free on Request

H. J. NICOLL
AND CO. LTD.
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LIVERPOOL—50 Bold Street.

"ADELE"

PENBERTHY'S Ltd.

388, 390, 392, OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.1

THE VANDYKE SET
GREAT BARGAIN

DAINTY SET (CHEMISE AND KNICKERS) IN FINE LAWN. FULL FRENCH CUT. KNICKERS HAVE ELASTIC WAIST.

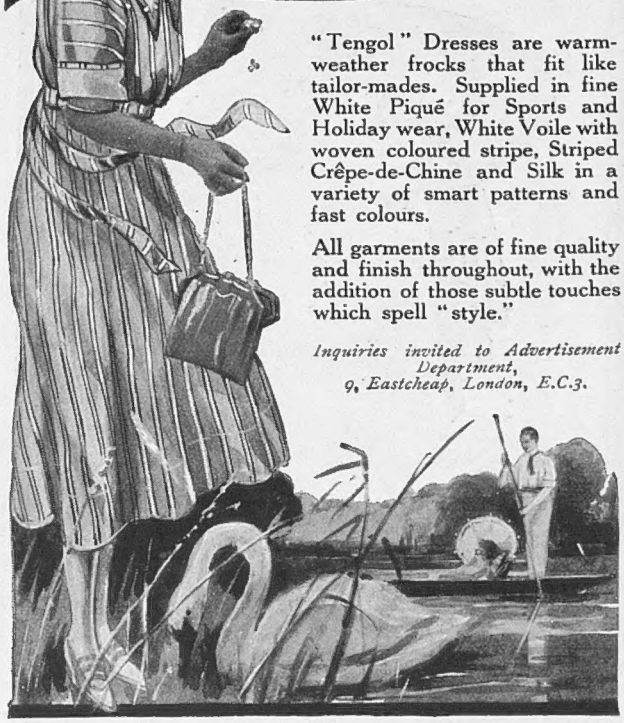
PINK, WHITE, SKY. MAUVE

USUAL PRICE 13/11

SPECIAL PRICE
11/6
THE SET (Two garments)

PENBERTHY'S, LTD.. 388. 390. 392, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

"Tengol" DRESSES



"Tengol" Dresses are warm-weather frocks that fit like tailor-mades. Supplied in fine White Piqué for Sports and Holiday wear, White Voile with woven coloured stripe, Striped Crêpe-de-Chine and Silk in a variety of smart patterns and fast colours.

All garments are of fine quality and finish throughout, with the addition of those subtle touches which spell "style."

Inquiries invited to Advertisement Department, 9, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

ATTRACTIVE AND EXCLUSIVE

BATHING DRESS

WE have recently designed and adapted from original Paris Models a number of attractive Bathing Dresses. These garments are exclusive in character and design.

Catalogue Post Free.

ATTRACTIVE BATHING DRESS (as sketch) made in good quality Black Taffeta. The tunic is trimmed hemstitching, with slight fulness at side, finished with hand embroidered motifs of ducks. The knickers are made in the full smart shape with elastic at knees.

PRICE

49/6

The tunic can be had separately if desired.

PRICE **39/6.**

Cap to match **16/9.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE-STREET-AND-OXFORD-STREET

LONDON-W1

Sent on approval.

G.E.R.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

ON THE

GLORIOUS EAST COAST.

EXCURSIONS for 8 and 15 days,

EVERY FRIDAY, commencing June 9th.

TO	Return Fare Third Class.	TO	Return Fare Third Class.
Hunstanton	22/-	Southwold	21/6
Sheringham	24/3	Aldeburgh	19/6
West Runton	24/3	Felixstowe	16/9
Cromer	24/6	Harwich	14/-
Mundesley	24/6	Dovercourt	14/-
Yarmouth	23/9	Walton	14/3
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From Liverpool Street Station 1.25 p.m.

TOURIST TICKETS

1st and 3rd class, any day by any train

Commencing June 1st

From Principal Stations to certain Tourist and Seaside Resorts.

Minimum fare: 1st class, **40/-**; 3rd class, **20/-**

WEEK-END TICKETS

(FRIDAY, or SATURDAY to MONDAY)

Between any two stations, by any train at or after 5 0 p.m. on Fridays and by any train on Saturdays.

Minimum Fares { Fridays, 1st class **30/-**; 3rd class **15/-**
Saturdays, 1st class **10/-**; 3rd class **5/-**

ON THE BELGIAN COAST

Blankenberghe, Heyst, Knocke, Ostend, etc., via ZEEBRUGGE.

London (Liverpool St.), depart 8.40 p.m. Every Week-day (June-Sept).

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS

Every Friday or Saturday. Returning Saturday, Sunday or Tuesday.

Full particulars upon application to Stations and Offices, or to the Publicity Office, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2.

H. W. THORNTON, General Manager.

The 'O' Steamers to New York R.M.S.P.

The "ne plus ultra" of marine construction. An efficient combination of cuisine, comfort, and attention. The line chosen by the "seasoned" traveller and the tenderfoot.

Sailings from Southampton & Cherbourg

ORBITA June 9. VESTRIS June 20

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Make your next crossing by an "O" Steamer

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY

Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C.2.
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By Post

REDUCED PRICES

This **DRY CLEANING** by post system is the essence of simplicity and economy. Every Post Office is an agent, simply post the soiled article to us, and we do the rest. Our process is justly famous, and the prices are :—

BLOUSES.. .. 2s.
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COSTUMES .. 6s. 6d.
GENTS.' SUITS, 6s. 6d.

Parcels returned very quickly.

Postage paid one way.

BRAND & MOLLISON, LTD.,
City of Glasgow Dyeworks,
MARYHILL, GLASGOW.

PETER ROBINSON'S
River Frocks

Useful FROCK in foulard, collar and cuffs of white Crepe de Chine.

57/-

Pretty striped Crepe de Chine FROCK, in a good range of stripes.

75/6

PETER ROBINSON Ltd.
OXFORD STREET W1

The Leading Ladies' Hairdresser
(30 Private Salons)

"ULTIMA."

An appealing transformation which lends itself to all and every style of dressing. Fascinatingly natural in effect.

Write or call for beautiful illustrated brochure or appro. selection.

EMILE
24&25 Conduit St.
LONDON.W.

PURE SILK MILANESE
UNDERWEAR
AT SPECIAL PRICES

Milanese Silk Underwear is extremely popular because of its excellent wearing and washing qualities. We would like to point out that notwithstanding the advance in the price of raw silk we are selling our famous pure silk Milanese Underwear at last season's prices.

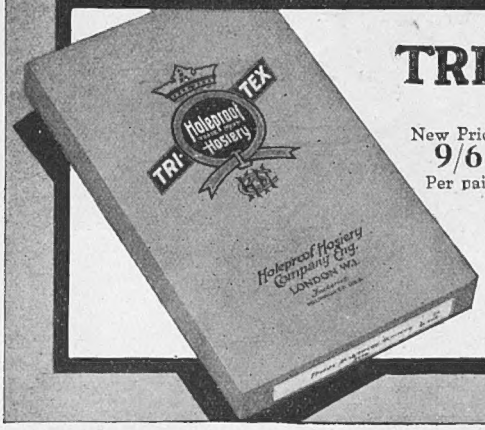
PURE SILK MILANESE VEST (as sketch) perfect fitting, medium size, full length, with an effective hemstitched trimming. In Pink, White, Sky, Mauve, Lemon and Black.
SPECIAL PRICE
15/9

PURE SILK MILANESE KNICKERS to match, new wide shape, trimmed hemstitching, **18/9.**

PURE SILK MILANESE CAMISOLE SUPPORT (as sketch) suitable for all figures, buttoning at sides, adjustable to any size, trimmed real Cluny lace. In White and Pink only.
PRICE
21/9

Or trimmed imitation Valenciennes lace, **15/9.**

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street. (DEBENHAM, LIMITED)
(Cavendish Square) London.W.



TRITEX SILK-STOCKINGS

New Price
9/6
Per pair

Which shade do you require, Silver, Camel, or Cloud? You need not send money by post; the best shops stock TRITEX. Do not be put off with miserable imitations. Look for the yellow box and the name TRITEX, the original Milwaukee holeproof with fifteen years' reputation. One pair will outwear two pairs of any other make. All colours, one quality, the best.

For nearest Agent write:

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, ENG.
47 & 48, BERNERS STREET, W.1.

"For the man who knows the difference!

GREEN STRIPE SCOTCH WHISKY

Established 1779

J & G STEWART LTD. (*incorporating* ANDREW USHER & Co.)
EDINBURGH & 79 MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

ATTRACTIVE COTTON VOILE
BLOUSE
OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE

THE value of these Blouses is quite exceptional. They are made from a good quality cotton voile and the cut, finish and style are of our usual high standard.

Dainty **BLOUSE** made in cotton voile, attractive round neck and three-quarter loose sleeves. Trimmed lace insertion and embroidery.

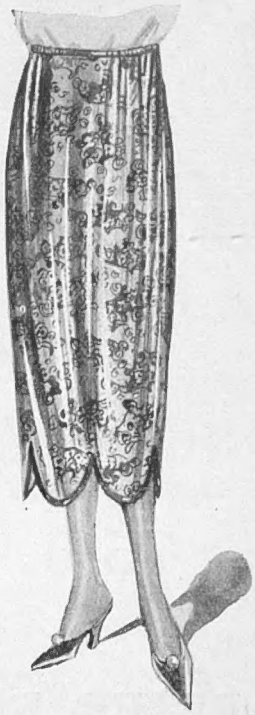
PRICE
12/9
Outsizes 2/- extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Sent on approval.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Dainty
Petticoat
IN
Printed Shantung



Useful Petticoat in good quality printed Shantung. Made in several attractive colours, the scalloped edge being bound with plain colour to tone. Elastic at waist.

PRICE
18/9

COLD STORAGE OF FURS.
Customers are advised to send their furs or fur coats to be stored in our Hygienic Cold Air Chambers, and thus avoid the ravage of moth and the heat of summer.
Tariff free on application.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Founded 1785

BY APPOINTMENT

GIEVES
LIMITED.

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(Piccadilly End)
LONDON · W · 1

THE ONE HOUSE IN
THE UNITED KINGDOM THAT
SUPPLIES EXCLUSIVELY
MEN'S
OUTFITTING REQUIREMENTS
—ALL UNDER ONE ROOF

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The "LOWTHER." II.

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest soft Felt "Pull-on" Hat. Beautifully light in weight and absolutely waterproof, made in the "superfine" quality only. A most becoming Riding Hat, secure fitting, and for all sporting occasions, golf, etc.; the brim being quite flexible it can be adjusted to suit the wearer, and will also roll up to carry in the pocket. In nigger, tan, light brown, grey, mole, steel grey, black, white, champagne, lemon, cinnamon, cocoa, havana, and a variety of art shades. Price **30/-**

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. the Queen of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.

By Appointment

ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. 1.

Miss Maidie Scott

SAYS:—"I have found your preparations (including Pond's Vanishing and Cold Creams) so excellent that I can assure you I will never be without them."

Improve the appearance of your skin and complexion by using *Two* Creams—Pond's (the original) Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream—the former to protect your skin from the dangers of exposure in the daytime—the latter at night, to cleanse the pores and prevent the formation of lines and wrinkles. Your skin needs these Two Creams—the Vanishing Cream, free from oil, which vanishes instantly—the Cold Cream with an oil base which supplements the natural oil of the skin. ***The regular use of these Two Creams is a pleasant way to guard your skin from the ill-effects of sun, wind and rain, and so prevent redness and roughness.***

CAUTION

Some face creams encourage the growth of hair. You are safe with Pond's Creams, which never promote the growth of hair.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"

Both Creams of all Chemists & Stores in handsome Opal Jars, 1/3 & 2/6, also Collapsible Tubes, 7½d. (handbag size—Vanishing Cream only) & 1/-.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101) 71, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

SAA

TENNIS FROCKS
FOR YOUNG LADIES
AT SPECIAL PRICES

SLIP-ON TENNIS FROCK (as sketch) for young ladies, in rich quality striped washing silk on white or coloured grounds with contrasting stripes, scalloped hem, neck and sleeves bound with white silk, and belt of own material finished in the same manner; fastening with crochet buttons. In Navy, Coral, Rose and Lemon.

PRICE
84/-

Catalogue post free.

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(DEBENHAM, LIMITED)
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(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Sent on approval.

"They are exactly like my real string, and could not possibly be told from Real."

A lady who had a "dreadful accident" with her real pearl necklet, replaced it with

Ciro Pearls

and she thus describes the success she obtained with same.

"I received the pearls this morning, and am delighted with them. They are exactly like my real string were, and could not possibly be told from real. The following remark from my husband, who is supposed to be a judge of pearls, will tell you that they are satisfactory. I put your pearls on this morning as soon as I received them, and my husband, who does not know of the dreadful accident I had with my real string, said, 'I wondered when you were going to wear them again'—meaning my real pearls. Then he took a close look and said, 'I am jolly proud of that transaction.' He got my pearls through a business deal, and you may know from these remarks how satisfied I am."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 sent post free on application

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ITALY'S BEST VERMOUTH & A FAMOUS TONIC WINE.

The Finest SUMMER DRINK

CORELLI WITH SODA

Put a Wine-glassful of Corelli in a tumbler, and fill up with Soda Water

THIS blending of Corelli with Soda makes a beverage that is delicious beyond words. It makes a *cooling* drink, refreshing, invigorating, and thirst quenching—in fact an *ideal* drink for the hot days of Summer.

Get Corelli from your Wine Merchant. 3/6 per bottle. 4/3 per litre. Use any good brand of Soda Water.

Wholesale only:
EDWARD YOUNG & CO., Ltd., LONDON.
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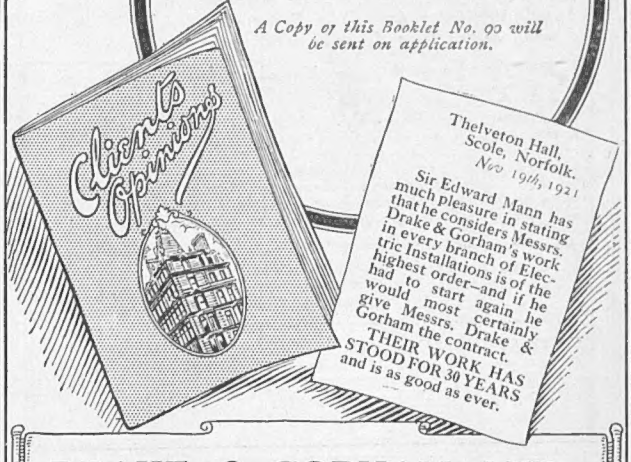
Estab. 1886.

Anyone who may be considering Electric Lighting or the use of Electric Power will be interested in these reports relating to the "D & G" System under various working conditions.

A Copy of this Booklet No. 90 will be sent on application.



DRAKE & GORHAM, LTD.,
ENGINEERS DEPT.
36, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1 — 29, Piccadilly, Manchester.
68, Gordon Street, Glasgow. — 63, Victoria Street, Belfast.

The Bystander, May 31, 1922

The BYSTANDER

No. 965. Vol. LXXIV.

BY WILMOT LUNT

AT THE "INTERNATIONAL" DERBY

MISTRESS PEACE: "I've been backing you and your mounts for a long time now. I do hope you'll win *this* year!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH
[Last 4 Nights at 8].
Last Matinée To-morrow (Thursday, at 2.
W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Nancie Lovat.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. Sat. & Whit Mon. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand, Huntley Wright.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). HIS GIRL.
CICELY DEBENHAM & STANLEY LUPINO.
Margaret Bays Arthur Margetson.
EVENINGS at 8. MATINÉES, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). MARIE LÖHR
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs. at 2.30.
"EILEEN"
Irene Vanbrugh.

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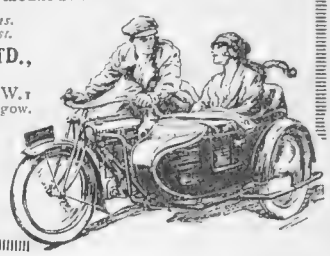

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Topics of the Hour

"WHERE are you going for Whitsun?" and "What will win the Derby?" seem to be the urgent questions of the hour. An aged gentleman who has been to Epsom every year since Voltigeur won the big race, tells me that Re-Echo supplies the answer to the latter query, but I doubt if he knows more about the matter than our lift boy who has got a shilling on Pondoland and hopes to get married on the proceeds. One thing is certain—if we can't pick the Derby winner, we needn't worry where we are going to spend the money we haven't got at Whitsun.

Careless Towns

IT is claimed for Blackpool that it is the most careless town in England. Mothers leave their babies lying about and girls forget to eat the ices that their young men buy for them. But what of Brighton, where a certain theatrical manager was so careless that he went into the wrong bathing machine; or Margate, where a landlady forgot to charge——no, father, I cannot tell a lie!

In Defence of the Minx

A WORTHY man who lives at "Dontville" in the little Welsh town of Omyoungfriendsdobecareful has been peeping through his crêpe blinds to take a look at the wicked world. And, having come to certain conclusions, he has issued his *obiter dicta* in the form of Ten Commandments for Flappers. The Sixth Commandment that he gives unto us is as follows: "Remember, my young sisters, that powder and paint and daringly cut blouses are the hall-marks of the minx." Poor man! I wonder if he realises that it is the ambition of every really nice girl to be a minx, and that he is merely showing her how the deed may best be done. The minx is the modern feminine equivalent of the old-time lad of the village—and there is just about as much harm in her. She is merely paddling in the sinful stream of life, a harmless occupation which teaches her where the dangerous currents lie. Your true minx comes to very little harm—it is her inexperienced sister who goes in off the deep end before she has learned how to swim!

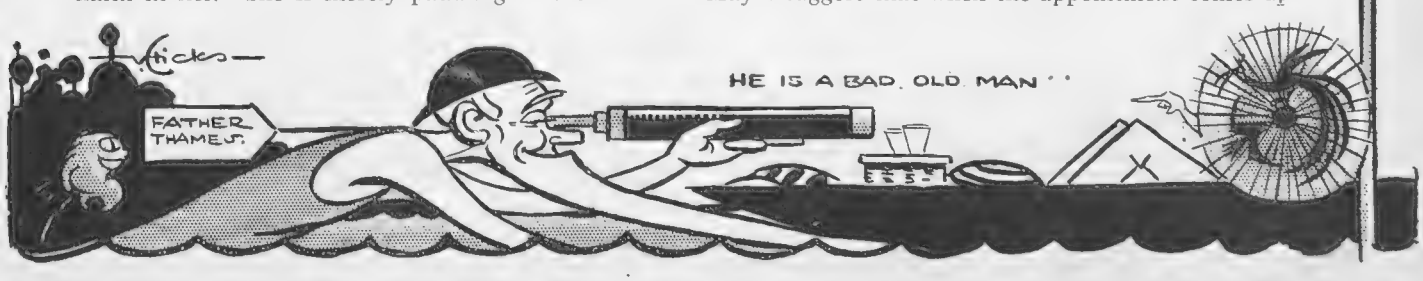
Flighty Father Thames

FROM saucy Sunbury and merry Maidenhead comes the annual howl of the killjoy, who asserts that dear old Father Thames has been misbehaving himself again. He's a bad old man—Father Thames—if we are to believe all that we hear. It is said that punts have not been keeping in midstream. They have even been pulled into the backwater at Shepperton. Horrible!

> How doth the wicked river girl
> Dream happy hours away,
> Within a softly-cushioned punt
> Throughout the summer's day.
> She *might* be darning father's socks
> Or little Harold's hose,
> But river girls are seldom shy,
> And love is love—and that is why
> They do it I suppose.

The Dismal Duke

THE activities of the Censor are causing consternation in theatreland, and it is understood that he is being influenced by the numerous crimes of which we have been reading in the penny Press—as distinct from the three-ha'penny aristocracy of Fleet Street. I hope the Censor reads his *Sunday Times*. If he does, he will have seen a quotation from its issue of ninety years ago, in which we read how one Frederick Newsome, aged nine, stole some "articles of apparel" from his mother in order to buy props for a production of *Othello* in which "each hacter" was to have a "sord," but only "Bill Curtis and Otheller to have real 'uns." If this terrible crime had been enacted to-day, I haven't the slightest doubt that *Othello* would be censored as a result. May I suggest that when the appointment comes up



for revision, as I hope it will very shortly, a sense of humour should be one of the assets of the gentleman —or lady—appointed to control our theatrical destinies. We have heard of the "gloomy Dean," but what of the "dismal Duke"?

Pictorial Wireless

Is the power of the Press on the wane? I ask, because it seems to me that this new system of broadcasting is going to make every man his own newspaper. In the days when we have a neat little arrangement fitted to the backs of our necks for receiving messages from Los Angeles, and other centres of culture, we shall get all our news hot from the source. Probably our news won't be illustrated just at first, but I hear that an ingenious arrangement of mirrors working in connection with a periscope as big as ten Eiffel Towers has been invented to place the world's news before us in picture form, so the passing of the Press is only a matter of time. When this happens, I hope you will remember that I was the first to tell you about it.

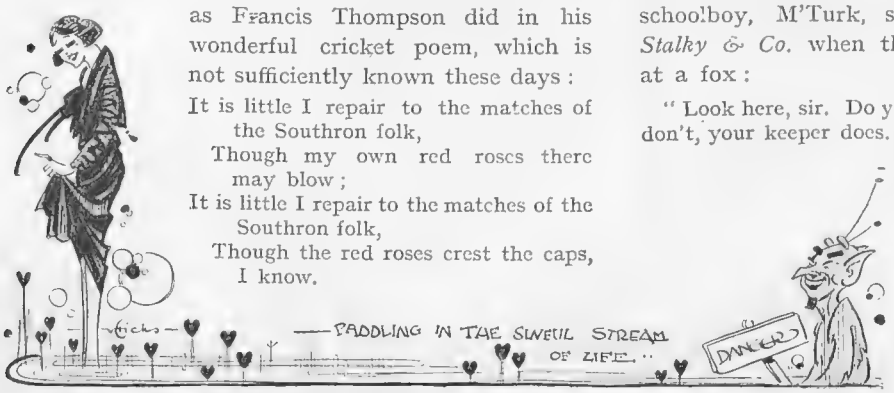
By D. L. Ghilchik

THE TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER DOESN'T MATTER

Why Not Cricket Revivals?

"Ranji" has been seen upon our cricket fields of late, and C. B. Fry has been sponsoring his son Stephen. The presence of these giants in the limelight suggests a jolly little championship between the old 'uns of yesterday, in which each county would get together a team of veterans to revive the glories of the past. If we can revive a play of the 'nineties, why can't we revive a cricket match of the same period? Some well-loved faces would be missing indeed, but there would be lots of fine old sportsmen available and we could fill in the blanks for ourselves, as Francis Thompson did in his wonderful cricket poem, which is not sufficiently known these days:

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
Though my own red roses there may blow;
It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
Though the red roses crest the caps, I know.
For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,
And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping host
As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
To and fro.
O, my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!



By Victor Hicks

Amateur Dramatists

The excellent suggestion that amateur actors should produce the maiden efforts of amateur playwrights should appeal to everyone who wants to see British dramatists holding their own in the West End. Speaking broadly, no first play should be produced in a London theatre. It isn't fair on the manager who will lose his money; the public who are asked to pay a large sum for an inferior article; or the young writer who may be unreasonably discouraged when he gets it in the neck from the critics, who argue that his tender age and inexperience are no concern of theirs. Two or three amateur productions, on the other hand, would teach the young man a great deal. Either he will come to London more or less equipped for his job, or he will deserve all he gets. Perhaps Messrs. French will now start a series of First Plays for Amateur Production—they could be in type-script and published in book form when their excellence had been put to public test.

Shooting Foxes

I read in my morning paper that a number of farmers sallied forth the other day and shot forty foxes in the Isle of Wight. Dear me, how times change, to be sure. Twenty years ago, a farmer would have been shot for frightening a fox when it was stealing his hens. Do you remember how the schoolboy, M'Turk, spoke to Colonel Dabney in *Stalky & Co.* when the keeper was seen shooting at a fox:

"Look here, sir. Do you shoot foxes? Because, if you don't, your keeper does. We've seen him. I don't care what you call us, but it's an awful thing. It's the ruin of good feeling among neighbours. A man ought to say once and for all how he stands about preserving. It's worse than murder because there's no legal remedy."

Sounds like a translation from some old mediæval

"What We Have We Hold!"

By E. T. Reed

ULSTER ORDERLY: "This message just received, Sir James—'Craig has earned for Ulster the respect and sympathy of the civilised world.'"

SIR J. CRAIG: "Good! Drawbridges all up?"

parchment, doesn't it? And yet it was wonderfully true to type twenty years ago!

Painting the Town

As a method of brightening London by treating business frontages therein in colour, J. M. B. says in the *Graphic*, "There is much to be said for a touch of colour, but it must not be forgotten that the architects of early Victorian times did much to kill it by using yellow bricks instead of the old red ones. It has always been a standing puzzle to me how red brick came to be banished. It is true that Sir Edwin Lutyens has revived the use of it with great effect, notably in St. James's Square and Duke Street. Similarly, one is delighted to see the ever-growing use of red tiles instead of slates, which at their best are dour-looking things. Even more objectionable than yellow brick, which at least was quite honest, was the horrid stucco fronts of the Nash period. The problem is how to get colour in consonance with our drab skies and poisoned City air."

Galloping Sketches by Major

THE HEAT WAVE IN LONDON

QUEEN MARY PRESENTING PRIZES AT ALDERSHOT

Their Majesties stayed for a week at Aldershot where they inspected the troops stationed there and witnessed several special manœuvres and some realistic sham battles. The Queen is here seen presenting prizes at the Command Athletic Meeting

Photograph *Central News*

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Princess Mary

LAST week Princess Mary began the serious round of the season after her brief visit to her "in-laws," the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Lascelles at Linton Spring. On Monday there was a dinner given by Lord and Lady Ancaster at Eresby House—Lady Ancaster is one of the most delightful and popular of our American peeresses.

Tuesday was a very full day. In the morning the Chelsea Flower Show, where the Princess gave a good many orders, doubtless with a view to the gardens at Goldsborough Hall. In the afternoon a private exhibition of the wedding film, to which was added a film of the Prince of Wales's visit to Japan, followed by a quiet little tea party at Chesterfield House; then a dinner and small dance at the Hon. Walter and Lady Evelyn Guinness's house in Grosvenor Gardens, at which the Duke of York and Prince Henry were also present.

Goldsborough Hall

DURING her visit to Yorkshire Princess Mary spent a whole day by herself at Goldsborough Hall, the Harewood property which has been decided upon as her and Lord Lascelles's country home. For the last twenty-five years it has been let to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lamb, who only left it two days before the Princess made her visit of inspection.

It is a delightful house of mellowed red brick, standing close to the road, about two miles from Knaresborough, but shut away from it by a six foot wall and great beech and walnut trees. The leaded windows are set in stone frames, which, like the bricks of the walls and chimneys, have seen the passage of three centuries. Within, there is fine Jacobean stone carving and woodwork, and some

Photograph *Central News*

PRINCES IN "PLUS FOURS"

The Prince of Wales with his host, the Crown Prince of Japan, after a round of golf played on the Tokyo links, which, by the way, has the reputation of being a first-class course

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

A DISTINGUISHED HOSTESS

Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, receiving the guests at the Charity Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel last week, which was organised to swell the coffers of the Enham Village Centre

richly moulded ceilings of that period.

From the Queen, Princess Mary has inherited not only an interest in, but an understanding of, housekeeping, and her day in her new home was spent in arranging a hundred details of which the mere male has no cognisance. Goldsborough Hall is at present lighted by acetylene gas, but electric light is to be installed, and, in addition, considerable alterations are to be made.

Goldsborough was bought in 1766 by Daniel Lascelles, a brother of the first Lord Harewood, and ultimately came to the head of the family.

An Old Story Recalled

THE beautiful house at the end of Carlton House Terrace—No. 18—made famous by the wonderful concerts given there by the late Lord Astor, may once more be counted as an abode of hospitality. It now belongs to Lord Astor's second son, the Hon. John Astor, whose wife, Lady Violet, is a sister of Lord Minto. Her first husband, Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne, was killed in the War. He was a son of Lord Lansdowne, and changed his name of Fitzmaurice for Mercer-Nairne when a property was made over to him.

The re-opening of 18, Carlton House Terrace, recalls a story which thrilled the town during the reign of King Edward. The late Lord Astor—then Mr. Astor—at that time owned the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The evening after one of his most famous concerts—Melba, Kubelik, and a host of other great and most expensive talent—the *Pall Mall Gazette* announced that a gentleman, who is now a distinguished Admiral, had attended Mr. Astor's concert without an invitation.

All the clubs and the drawing-rooms rang with the story. Such an announcement had never been made in a newspaper before. And the awkward point of the situation was that the statement was what the lawyers call "true in substance if not in fact."

This is what had happened. A few evenings before the concert the gallant sailorman had met a member of Mr. Astor's family at dinner. A hope was expressed that he was going to the concert, and when he said he had not received a card the answer was, "But I ask you, and I hope very much you will come."

Naturally, on such an invitation, he went. He was welcomed by Mr. Astor; nothing was said, consequently, the announcement in the *Pall Mall Gazette* came upon him with more thunderbolt effect than it did on anybody else.

He behaved splendidly. Rather than get the member of Mr. Astor's family into trouble he kept silent. But nothing of that kind ever escaped the notice of King Edward. He sent for the pilloried young man, and after hearing his account of the matter invited him to dine at Buckingham Palace and go on to the opera afterwards.

So one day the world was informed that the sailor was an unbidden guest in the house of a multi-millionaire, and two days later it learnt that the "intruder" had dined with the Majesty of England, and sat by its side in the omnibus-box the whole evening at the opera!

Never was a rebuke more definitely or forcibly given. King Edward had a wonderful gift in the art of expressing "thus far and no farther."

The Royal Yachts

AND so the *Alexandra* is to go to the hammer unless it is disposed of privately. It has had the shortest career of all the Royal yachts, having been built upon the Clyde only some twenty years ago. Princess Louise launched it shortly after her husband succeeded to the dukedom of Argyll.

Queen Victoria had four yachts, the *Osborne*, the *Victoria and Albert*—which still does duty—the *Alberta*, and the *Fire Queen*, but her months of residence every year at Osborne made this number a necessity. For many years King Edward and Queen Alexandra as Prince and Princess of Wales made the *Osborne* their headquarters for Cowes week, and when they succeeded to the throne one of the Royal yachts was generally in commission for their foreign tours during the winter.

But now times are changed. Pressure of affairs makes it impossible for the King to be far away from the centre of government, and, in addition, there is the question of upkeep in this expensive age. Consequently, we have now only one royal yacht, the

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

A ROYAL GATHERING AMONG ROYAL FLOWERS

The Duke of Connaught, his niece, the Queen of Spain and her two little daughters, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Lord Lambourne, who is President of the Royal Horticultural Society, and the Crown Prince of Sweden at the Annual Flower Show at Chelsea last week. The flowers were wonderful; conditions supreme

Photograph G. P. U.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW DURING THE AMERICAN TOURNAMENT IN AID OF PRINCESS ALICE'S TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS

venerable and most comfortable *Victoria and Albert*.

Our royal yachts—the last word in spick and spanness—led the ex-Kaiser to try to go one better with his *Hohenzollern*. But he only succeeded in producing a glorified American liner on a small scale.

The Lure of the Garden

THE Chelsea Show this year outshone all its predecessors. All the world and its every aunt and cousin from the country flocked there last Tuesday. Princess Mary just missed the Queen of Spain and her two daughters—by the way, how *very* short little Princesses in Spain wear their dresses. The length of skirt would never do a few years hence, but I rather envied the two Infantas on that blistering hot morning. They looked so cool.

Spain, Sweden, and Connaught made a happy family party wandering through the tents, which were one blaze of gorgeous blossom. The formal and rock gardens were more attractive than ever.

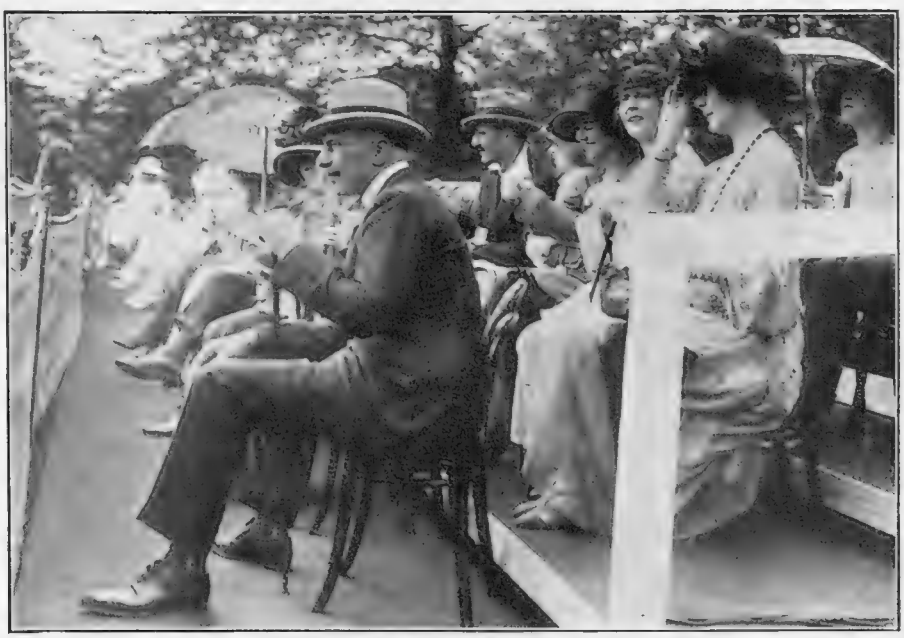
The Duke of Connaught, who was with his son-in-law, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and Lady Patricia Ramsay, looked well and sunburnt.

It was a positive orgy of gardening. A young man from the Italian Embassy told me that no such sight could be seen in other any capital in Europe.

Photograph G. P. U.

THE DUKE OF YORK

Returns a high one whilst playing in the charity American Tournament at Highgate. He was partnered by Miss Peggy Ingram, receiving 3—6



Photograph] **THE EARL OF ATHLONE WATCHING THE PLAY** *[Alfieri*

It was a most original scheme to organise a tournament for the purpose of aiding the funds of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone's Troop of Boy Scouts (6th North London), which was held in the grounds of Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's home at Highgate last week. Entrants comprised a thick sprinkling of society and tennis celebrities. The Earl and Countess of Athlone, with Lady Desborough, will be seen watching a game in progress

A Literary Division

I DON'T know why one should take it for granted that a popular novelist, who makes a comfortable income by writing upon marital happiness, should have no domestic alarums and excursions of his own, but one does.

The news, therefore, that one of our novelists, whose industry is only equalled by his popularity, has given his wife her *congé*, and gone off a-yachting, comes as a shock.

It is the latest excitement in the literary world and amongst the great dames who have sat at the feet of the author. The departure came out of the blue, and has caused a mighty clatter. Now everyone is asking what will be the next step—the usual application for restitution, etc., or will the wife accept the allowance and the situation?

Photograph *Photopress*

THE START OF THE WORLD FLIGHT

Piloted by Captain Norman Macmillan, the D.H. 9 aeroplane left London last week for its adventurous trip round the world, and by now they will be comfortably advanced upon their journey, and, it is to be hoped, with no mishaps. From left to right are Lieut.-Col. Broome, Major Blake and Captain Macmillan

The Opera

THE season at Covent Garden has proved the superior people who declared that Wagner could only be sung by Germans to be wrong. The English singers are giving some remarkably fine Wagner performances—and, what is more, they are attracting to Covent Garden much of the old pomp and circumstance. The visit of the King and Queen on Saturday—postponed from the second night of the season because of the Court mourning for Lord Leopold Mountbatten—put the seal on the brilliant success the English singers have achieved.

The Courts

WHEN the Court for June 8 was announced in its solitary state, did not your BYSTANDER tell you it would be followed by at least two more? These are now announced, and one will be after the return of the Prince of Wales, who is now on his way home. I hear that H.R.H. is to have a prolonged rest, and that it is desired in the highest quarters that the strain and incessant hard work in representation of the last few months should be borne in mind by those who may be anxious to enlist the Prince's services and help for functions, etc.

Result of our Title Competition No. 5

?

THIS, the fifth of the Competition Series, proved as popular as the others, judging by the great number of entries received. Final selection was difficult, owing to the numerous excellent attempts sent in. The prize was finally awarded to

Mrs. BUTCHER,

5, QUEEN'S ROAD, HASTINGS, SUSSEX.

for the winning title:

"A. LEETE'LL BIT OF FLUFF."

On the left is a reproduction of Mr. Alfred Leete's drawing in THE BYSTANDER of May 3, for which we offered a prize of 5 Guineas for the best title.

A Garden Paradise in Chelsea

Fantastic yews of many shapes and some distinguished visitors

Masses of rhododendrons attracted everyone by their blaze of colour

The sweet peas

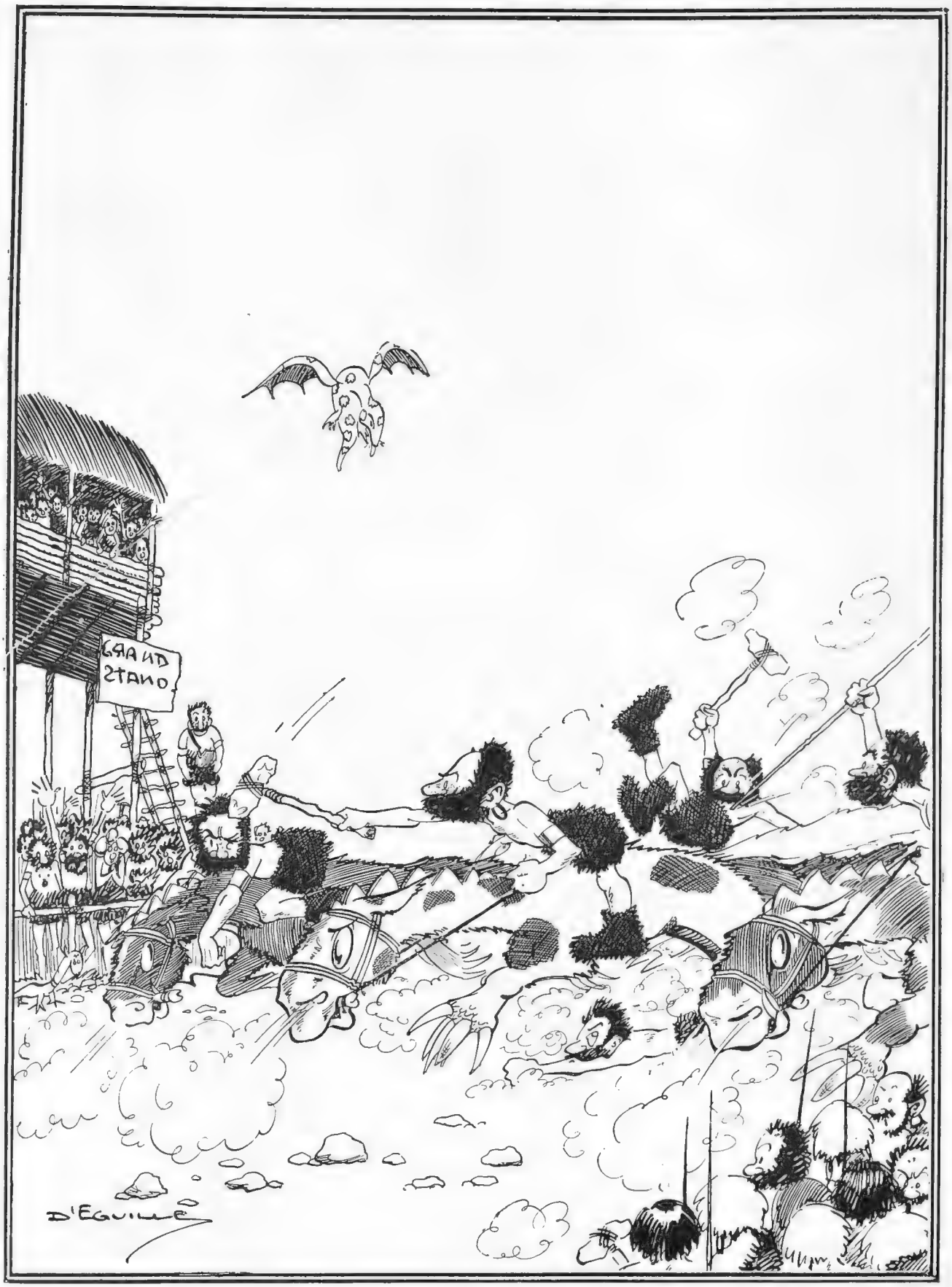
Under the amaryllis

BY LOUIS MALTESTE

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

Flowers are to the English as cocktails to the Americans, and the Royal Horticultural Society's Annual Show in the grounds of the Chelsea Hospital last week drew many to criticise and admire the wonderful exhibits of rich coloured carnations, heavy-scented roses and fragile sweet peas, weirdly shaped yew trees and rock gardens with tiny fantastic flowers peeping from the crevices. The wild water-gardens with crimson hued rhododendrons and orange splashed azaleas were the inspiration of perfect artistry

In the Good Old Derby Days



BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER B.C. 2,000,000

SLAVES, SKIRTS, AND STRAWBERRIES

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Politicians are always worrying themselves—and us"

LONDON, *May* 29

DEAR COUSIN—

DO wonder sometimes why we *allow* the serious and solemn and earnest and altogether boring things of life to lie so heavy on our chests, so to speak, at this sort of kind of time of the year. Which, surely, was *meant*, wasn't it, for dalliance and frivolity and nothing more wearing than "light duty"—and not any too much of *that*, either?

TAKE the politician people, f'rinstance, I mean, why *do* we ever let them worry themselves—and us—about all sorts of Bills and Resolutions and Crises and things while the sun shines and the trees and grass are green, and the mornings murmur promise of infinite zest, and the days are a smiling joy and the evenings caress us with a soft and soothing embrace?

WOULDN'T be *quite* so bad, even, if we only did as the Romans do. They arrange these things better in Italy, you know, as the saying is. Where, when the day's evidently and obviously decided to be a real fine one, with not a cloud in the deep blue sky and the sun shining brilliant mockery on servile humans with their noses to the grindstone—well, the offices and shops and other working places just make up their minds to close down instantly and completely, and instantly and completely and unanimously the thing gets done. No one quite knows how. It just happens.

AFTER all, I suppose we're just slaves, most of us. Those of us who work are, cert'nly. And I'm not so sure they're really so very much better off—the fortunate few who don't have to earn their own living, but just live on what other people have earned for them. Quite as slavish in their own little ways, very often, and always worrying about their silly old investments and things, and whether their solicitor's swindled 'em out of a hundred or so, or the gardener made his own private nest-egg from the fruit and flowers.

ALL slaves we are, really, come to think of it. And the best we can do, isn't it? is to wear our chains "with a diff'rence," as Hamlet or someone once remarked. In which noble work Messrs. Reville and Doucet and Péron and Paquin and all the rest of 'em are quite prepared to give us the very best of *their* assistance, anyway—what?

NEVER did see, I really do believe, such infinite variety of frocks, *and* hats, as we of the Season of 1922 have spread before our eyes to choose from. Big hats, little hats, short frocks, long frocks—and no one really knows which has won, so everybody goes on buying both kinds, according to taste. Believe myself it's rather by way of being a dead heat—and no wonder. I mean, there's always quite a lot of women with the kind of legs they're only too glad to hide—and lots, too, who feel it would be a positive sin and a shame to cover *theirs* up. Fifty-fifty, as they say in the U.S.A.

"Has the long or the short skirt won, or is it a dead-heat?"

DO think, you know, that it's quite the very best tonic in the world—buying a new frock, or hat . . . and one generally leads to the other, doesn't it? Better than tea or iced cups or anything, and the effect lasts longer, too—what? Though there, too, you spoil it all, don't you? if you once start worrying—about what particular kind of lace frock to wear for Ascot, f'rinstance, and whether it's going to turn out so transparent that you're likely to be "warned off" the Enclosure, like a certain lady whose name I will *not* mention.

ANYWAY, for the Eights at Oxford (which are still running, so to speak) I got "the dinkiest little frock—

SLAVES, SKIRTS, AND STRAWBERRIES (*concluded*)

just a bead or two," as they say in that amusing and wonderfully acted show, *Life's a Game*, that they've been giving at Kingsway matinées. Very suitable for the weather, it was—and seemed rather to suit the sweet young undergraduates of the University of Oxford, too. And I didn't have a bit of a *lonely* time—on the College barge *or* elsewhere.

"We are beginning to think of holidays"

卐

How lovely those college lunches are, by the way, and how good the salmon and cold pie and trifle do taste in those dark, cool, old rooms with wide open windows looking out on to the quiet quad, each with its window-box of brilliant red and blue! And if the lunches and the flowers are rather like each other, they're, anyway, quite diff'rent from London ones, same as the men are. Very delightful, I mean, and very much of the world, and same time so delightfully *young*. Frightful cynics, of course, the dear things, and even pour out epigrams by the yard without a blush!

The strawberries, too! Don't know why I always 'sociate strawberries with the river, but, somehow, they seem to *belong* there, don't they? So they do at Lord's and Ascot and Wimbledon, of course, but the water does seem their ideal setting, whether it's on the little, narrow, tree-shaded Cher or in a punt on a backwater somewhere round about Cliveden Woods. Get more time to eat them there, for one thing—and must say I do love *lingering* over my strawberries, I do. After all, they're one of the four greatest joys in life—leave you to guess the rest.

卐

Never too hot for them, either, which it really is sometimes for at least one of the others—which is, I don't mind confessing, dancing. Really do think someone ought to invent some way of keeping us properly cool at dances. Thank heaven gloves are dead (though still to be seen at some of the charity shows), but that doesn't really help *very* much. What we want is something really drastic, like icebergs all round the room and fountains playing all the time. There was one dance place that *said* it was going to have a sliding roof, but it's never slid off yet, so far as *I've* heard, even on the very hottest nights.

"Evenings when it is too hot to dance"

卐

Seems rather against our principles, though, doesn't it? to make any sort of preparations for summer or change any of our ways and habits just because the weather does. Perhaps it's 'cos we can't ever believe it's going to last more than about a minute—and, p'raps, there's some excuse for that. Perfectly wonderful people we are, too, I must say, the way we manage sometimes positively to ignore little things like thermometers registering anything between 80 and 90 in the shade.

卐

At the opera, for instance. Theatres may have slumped in the heat of the last week or so, but at Covent Garden the Slaves of the Ring (as you might say) have been flocking in quite regardless, and only about just after tea-time, too. Simply packed house the other night for *Siegfried*, which actually started just after six. And everyone listening in rapt and breathless silence for five hours in a crowded building, while outside it was one of the loveliest nights ever known.

卐

Bit of a tribute to the music, wasn't it? Can't have been the words, anyway, which (as translated into alleged English) are just a s-scream:

> Pitiful nonsense
> Pratest thou there—

says Siegfried in one place, and it doesn't seem a bad sort of description for the lot.

卐

Can't think of anything now, though, but just—holidays. One's mind does seem to run to them these days, doesn't it?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

BY HIGGINS

LET IT NOT COME TO THIS

The Preacher

DR. CLIFFORD, BY EDMUND X. KAPP

This unusual caricature of the famous preacher, the Reverend Dr. John Clifford, is one of many famous men who have fallen victims to Kapp's critical crayon. His caricatures, together with many drawings, are being exhibited at the Leicester Galleries for the next four weeks. Dr. Clifford—a most brilliant man—lost his sight about a year ago, but after a most delicate operation he was fortunately enabled to see perfectly again

"The Comedian Mind"

BY P. BEAUFOY

It seemed to Joyris—the revue comedian—that he had passed beyond the portals of this world, and had been admitted to the regions of Hades. His first impression, however, was perfectly pleasant. He saw nothing in the shape of what he would probably have called "Fire-effects"—nor were there any demons, even of the most harmless pantomime type.

"Surely, this can't be the place," he reflected.

A bright young woman—who seemed to have strayed out of a musical comedy—volunteered to show Joyris round the place.

First of all, he visited the Refectory He was told that the food was good, that the meals were regular, and that the wine was quite drinkable.

He was shown, a little later, his bedroom—a cosy place—his private apartment filled with magazines and a few bound volumes of *The Era*. Moreover, he saw a golf course, a swimming-pool, and many other joyous things.

His astonishment was enormous.

"Surely, there's a bit of a mistake here," he suggested. "This can't be Hades!"

"Wait and see!" she made answer. There was a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

They consumed quite a long time inspecting the regions of the Lost. It seemed to the comedian (who was one of the short, egotistical How-Did-I-Go, Old Chap, sort of persons), that this astonishing Hades resembled more than anything else a first-class hotel in Chicago.

"Well, my dear," he remarked at length. "If this is Hades, I'm for it all the time. And now, I reckon there's only one thing missing—and that's a theatre."

"Oh, we have a theatre—in fact, several," she cooed. "We are coming to one of them in a minute."

The comedian was delighted.

"Er—do we inmates play parts, or are there—er—touring crowds?" he asked, rather anxiously.

"The inmates act; of course! You, no doubt, will be principal comedian in our Revue Company."

"Splendid!"

They entered through the front of the house. It really was a perfect sort of theatre, with admirable architectural lines—glowing with colours—made glamourous by perfumes.

"Hades!" muttered the comedian. "Oh, there must be some mistake!"

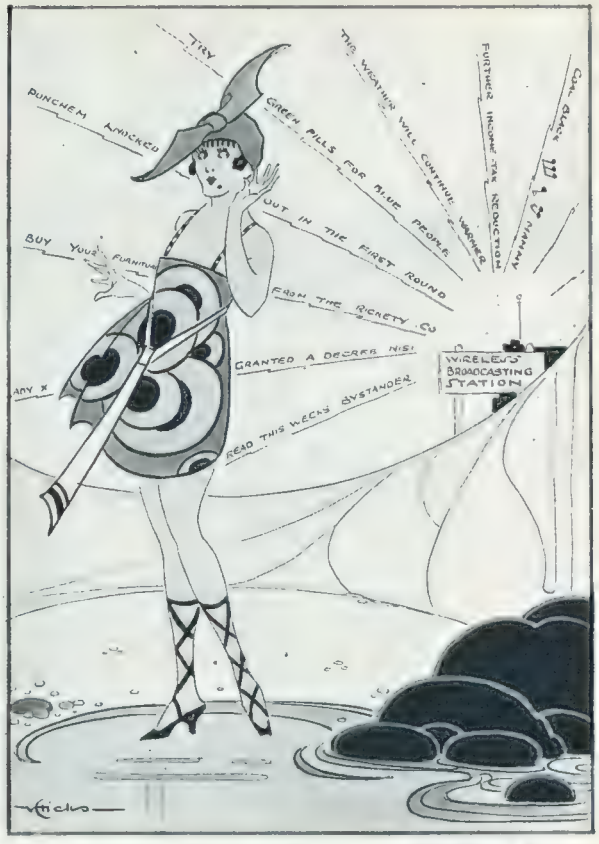
Then they penetrated behind the scenes. The comedian gasped. The dressing-rooms were tiny palaces—there were sofas, carpets, golden mirrors, and even gold-tipped grease-paints! The stage-hands were clothed in evening-dress, and wore white gloves.

More and more astounded grew the comic one. Then, of a sudden, his blood turned cold—his eyes went glassy. For he had caught sight of a huge notice in the O.P. wing—

"GAGS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN!"

"Yes! this *is* Hell!" he said to himself.

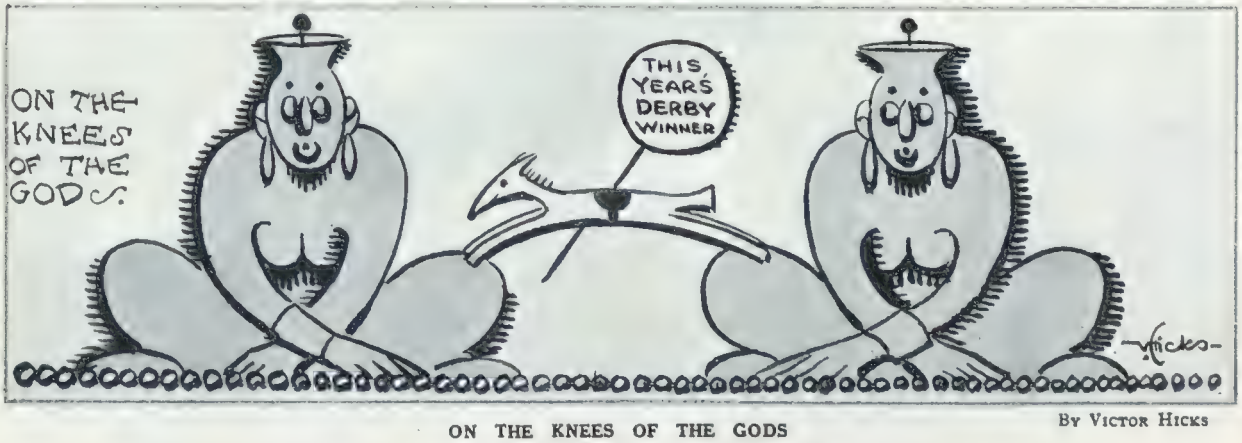
P. B.



BY VICTOR HICKS

"WHAT ARE THOSE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

"CARPENTIER at a Revue," says a daily paper. Interviewed by our Special Reporter, the famous boxer declared that not since he met Dempsey had he seen so many stars.



ON THE KNEES OF THE GODS

BY VICTOR HICKS

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD QUEENBOROUGH'S ST. LOUIS
Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

SIR ERNEST PAGET'S RE-ECHO
Thought by many to be the better of the Clarehaven pair

This Week's Great Classic at Epsom

THERE is no falling off of the world-wide interest in the Derby. It is still, of all races on the flat, *the* national race. Who will be the man lucky enough to lead in the winner this week? Mr. S. B. Joel says he will win with Pondoland, but Lord Queenborough cannot see why that colt should reverse the Guineas form with St. Louis. And Sir Ernest Paget, one of the oldest hands of racing, reckons he has a very good prospect of beating them both with Re-echo. Other owners have only outside chances, but are hopeful all the same. Both Lord Woolavington and Lord Astor cannot include the Derby among their lucky races. But who knows? Perhaps this time Tamar or Captain Cuttle will——. But see what "Carbine" says on another page. A. W. C.

CARICATURES BY "THE TOUT"

Photograph *Sport and General*

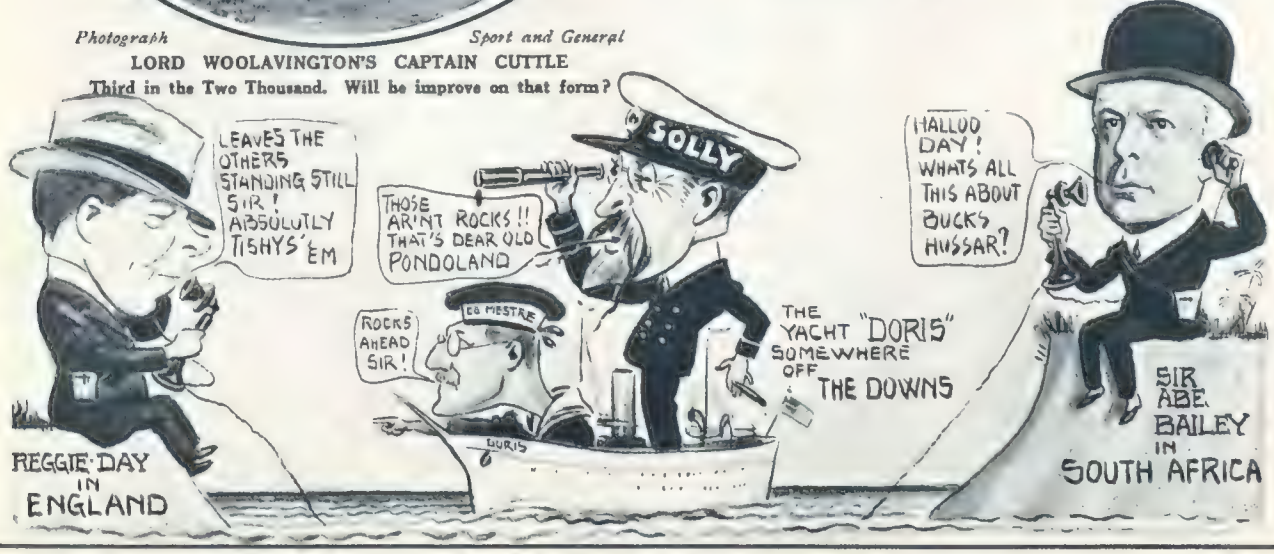
MR. S. B. JOEL'S PONDOLAND

Beaten by St. Louis at Newmarket, but heavily backed to reverse that result

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S CAPTAIN CUTTLE

Third in the Two Thousand. Will he improve on that form?



BY WILMOT LUNT

?

A prize of Five Guineas is offered for the best title to this picture. *Full particulars on page* ii

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son

By COLLINSON OWEN

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD.

No. VI.

My Dear Boy—

Your remarks on certain tendencies of the time are quite just and to the point. I am always glad to see you exercising your faculties in this direction. When you say that we in England seem to be living by "taking in each other's insurance policies" you are perhaps even nearer the truth than you imagine.

In the present year of grace no country seems to understand precisely how any other country lives. We are all supposed to be bankrupt, *plus ou moins*, yet in all my later incursions on the Continent I have noticed that not only the cost but the standard of living seems to be higher than ever. One may find this in any restaurant. It is the heyday of that benignly predatory species, the *maître d'hôtel*. Nobody is supposed to have any money, yet he takes it for granted that every meal shall be a banquet. And how is it, for instance, that a country such as England, denuded of industry and bereft of trade, should show every sign of contentment and prosperity?

"It is the heyday of that benignly predatory species, the 'maitre d'hôtel'"

The secret, I am now persuaded, lies in the unselfish and generous efforts of our great newspapers. You have, it seems, only to purchase one or more of the morning journals and you are immune from the financial hazards of life. I will confess that I am not precisely sure how this is arrived at, but we are told that it is so every morning, and one can only accept these things. Moreover, one cannot help coming into personal contact with decisive proofs that a great and beneficent social change has come over us.

In the club the other day I came across old General Purler. You will remember that he was badly *dégommé* during the War—the only British General, I think, who was treated strictly according to his demerits. Why he was singled out for such exceptional severity I have never been able to understand, and, naturally, Purler took the matter very much to heart. I remember his saying at the time that what hurt him was not so much the sudden cessation of his own activities, as the fact that so many others who were even greater asses than he were suffered to remain in command. I was ever touched by sincerity, in whatever form it may be found, and this always seemed to me to be an eminently reasonable point of view. Poor Purler nursed his grievance with even more assiduity than his gout, and it was difficult to say which would win in the race for his soul—whisky or disappointment. Of all spectacles the most melancholy, I think, is the man who feels he has a grievance against the world.

On this occasion I noticed that his hand was bandaged. Wondering what new misfortune had overtaken the old man, and feeling that a little sympathy would not be misplaced, I approached him with that idea in mind. *Figure-toi*, then, my surprise at finding, as I drew nearer, a face which radiated joy, and a voice which rapped out a hearty welcome. The miracle was soon explained. It was not caused, as I at first thought, by a repentant War Office, but by the generosity of that incomparable Press which is at once the envy and the despair of less favoured nations.

"I was making a hot toddy," he explained, simply, "when the damn kettle slipped. Result, a scalded hand. Further result, four of the newspapers are now competing to make me happy. Rent paid, club subscription paid, and thirty pounds a week over. I can take a holiday not exceeding two months, and if I had any children—which, thank the Lord, I haven't—they could have their choice of Winchester or Borstal. Whatever the newspapers said about me in the past I freely forgive. Jesterfield, I feel a new man."

It was a revelation. I enquired

how long these benefits lasted. "Twelve months," he replied, promptly. "At the end of that time I shall scald the other hand. After that, there's my feet. My dear Jesterfield, it's a job for life."

I will confess that though I was pleased to see Purler so much more than his usual self I was, at the same time, a little distressed that a British General with no greater reproach in his career than the conventional record of incompetence should condescend to a mode of life so little in accord with the traditions of his class. However, I have somewhat modified my opinion. We are all, in a sense, *émigrés* to-day, even though we have not left our native land, and must live as best we can. So far it has not occurred to me to seek bodily injury for the sake of the material benefits it would bring, but, apparently, there are many people of our world who are torn between the rival attractions of genteel poverty with sound wind and limb or affluence in a hospital bed.

The Bishop of Dudcaster slipped when descending the steps of his palace, sprained his ankle, and is now enjoying the proceeds at Pau. I think that in this case we may acquit the happy victim of any deliberate intent, but people are saying that if a Bishop falls others may with propriety do the same thing. Again, two of our younger Cabinet Ministers collided while playing polo, and are now exchanging congratulatory telegrams from their respective couches.

"You will remember that he was badly dégommé during the war"

But the most striking case is that of Lady Julia Fetlock. Her fortunes have long been at a low ebb, and her last enterprise of running a manicurist's establishment off Bond Street met with singular ill-luck.

"Running a manicurist's establishment off Bond Street met with singular ill-luck"

The wave of Puritanism which has swept over us leaves little scope for this sort of thing. Lady Julia meant well, and apart from the hope of gain, was sincerely animated by a desire to brighten the afternoon hours of the Metropolis. But her *corps de ballet* was judged to be rather more *outré* than the occasion demanded. She had never been taught to practise restraint in anything, and did not quite realise that a good thing can be overdone.

Lady Julia, then, found herself *sur le pavé*. Fortunately, just when matters seemed most desperate she remembered that her husband subscribed to most of the morning papers. It is true that Fetlock himself was more or less on his last legs, but I am not prepared to say that I entirely approved of the way in which she turned what one may call a derelict property into a paying concern.

Be that as it may, she dined him thoroughly well, let him have his head with the bottle, and then started him off alone on a night drive into the country in a car which she had borrowed for the occasion. Fetlock, apparently, saw two bridges at Maidenhead, chose the wrong one, and was found in the river. The last I heard of Julia was that she had bought a villa near Cannes and intends to stay there indefinitely.

You see, then, that at a time when England's fortunes are at such a low ebb there are not wanting philanthropic patriots who are prepared to do their best to ameliorate our difficulties. And yet I am not altogether convinced that this social revolution is altogether to the good. The risks of marriage are already considerable. Now, with such a price on every husband's head, I think that we shall do well as a nation to keep a stern eye on our Julias.

JESTERFIELD

For Bashful Bachelors

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The new portable wireless set for delicate propositions. (Beware Broadcasting!)

The Soldiers and

U BOAT VERSUS

RAPIER AND CLOAK
v
RAPIER AND DAGGER

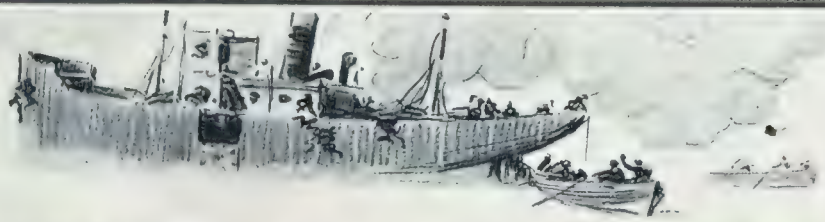
QUARTER STAFF

THE VICTOR

SCIENCE(?) VERSUS SYMETRY OR THE EVOLUTION OF THE PRESENT CAVALRY

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE RO

Sailors of the King



R BOAT

NEGRO BANDSMAN
XVIII CENTURY
THE GUARDS

DRUM MAJOR
THE GUARDS
1790

EAT.

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

YAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA

TONS of MONEY

AT THE SHAFTESBURY

BY "JINGLE." *ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL*

It has been written that the world owes a debt of gratitude to those who make it laugh, and a big debt of the kind must, therefore, be owing to the promoters of this very lively entertainment. Just who it is that is entitled to the lion's share of the gratitude it is not easy to discern from the programme, which announces that Tom Walls and Leslie Henson, by arrangement with George Grossmith and J. A. E. Malone, present the play by Will Evans and Valentine, by arrangement with J. Banister Howard. All this "arrangement" seems to be as full of complications as one of our justly celebrated European Conferences. Still, after all, as Shakespeare has so aptly remarked, the play's the thing, and it justifies its existence nobly. I do not think I have ever before in a theatre heard laughter so general and so sustained. From the tremendous reception of the play on the night of our visit I judged that it is out to break the long distance record of even the nimble and tireless *Charley's Aunt*.

The play already has a reputation as a fun-maker, and audiences waiting for the curtain to rise laugh in anticipation, so great is the power of suggestion. We start off with Mr. Allington, who has invented a highly explosive powder for blasting purposes, and when his wife refers to it as "the blasted powder" the huge audience simply rocks with delight. A conscientious resolve to move with the times is manifested by the fact that the Allingtons are very hard up, a detail that ensures for them in these days universal sympathy. They become, as it were, our brother and sister right from the start. Then news comes of a legacy to Mr. Allington in the shape of a life interest, which at his death will revert to his cousin, George Maitland, who is believed to have died recently in Mexico. Mrs. Allington thinks the best way to keep the money in the family will be for her husband to "die," and come back reincarnated as George Maitland. Allington will thus secure the life interest and the reversion at one stroke.

It is arranged, therefore, that Allington shall go into his den at the bottom of the garden and prepare to explode a keg of the "blasted powder." A speaking-tube connects the den with the house. Allington, therefore, proposes to lay a train of gunpowder from the keg of high-explosive to the mouthpiece of his end of the speaking tube. Against the mouthpiece he will set a lighted candle. Precisely at twelve o'clock Mrs. Allington will blow furiously into the speaking-tube, thus upsetting the candle, which will then fire the train and produce the desired catastrophe. Meanwhile Mr. Allington will have had time to hide away in a safe place, while it will, of course, be generally assumed that he has been so completely blown to pieces that there will be nothing left of him to bury but a coat-button or so.

Allington goes to his den accordingly, and the programme is carried out with a slight, but curious, variation which serves to show how fine is the line that divides farce from tragedy Mrs Allington waits impatiently till twelve o'clock, for not till then will her husband be out of the danger zone At ten minutes to twelve, the gardener, who has just been reprimanded for being late again, puts the clock on—ten minutes. His significant action is greeted with a perfect shriek of laughter, yet with a very slight alteration in the manner of playing the scene, it would make something like a Grand Guignol "thrill" The effect of the gardener's action must be that the explosion will take place prematurely, and very literally hoist the unhappy Allington with his own petard. And that is precisely what happens. People wriggle about on their seats in their joy at this very laughable notion. And when, after the explosion, Mr. Allington staggers into the room, blackened and

bruised, and with his clothes hanging upon him in charred shreds, the laughter is positively uproarious. This is the end of the first act, but the curtain has to be raised again and again, so that the audience may express its whole-hearted appreciation at this magnificent outbreak of humour.

By the second act Mr. Allington has grown a beard and has become Mr. George Maitland with a Mexican sombrero and a Wild West accent. The first complication that arises is supplied by the arrival on the scene of Mrs. George Maitland, who claims to recognise the disguised Allington as her long-lost husband. Allington and his wife, in order to maintain their new position, are obliged to agree with the lady's point of view, and then questions arise in the conventionally humorous manner as to where Mr. "Maitland" shall sleep while he is a guest in the house. The answer, naturally enough, is—in his "wife's" room. Mrs. Allington, naturally, is not prepared to carry the joke quite as far as that, and the situation becomes one that, I believe, is usually described as "piquant." It is a scene of the kind that always delights the ladies,

especially as it is handled here with the necessary safeguards of propriety, and may be thoroughly enjoyed with all the smug assurance of complete and unimpeachable respectability.

About this time news comes that the real Mr. George Maitland is on his way to the house, and the only thing for his impersonator to do is to disappear by "dying" again. On this occasion Mrs. Allington proposes, amid the tumultuous laughter of the house, that he shall go and drown himself. He is to leave his clothes at a given spot on the river bank, and swim to an arbour some distance away, where his wife will leave a dry suit of clothes, so that he can dress and then go and hide for a prudent interval. It happens, however, that the fussy old aunt of the family, passing through the arbour in question, sees the clothes there and thoughtfully takes them into the house. About the same time the gardener finds the abandoned suit of clothes on the river bank, and brings them along as evidence of a dreadful tragedy. We see, therefore, in our minds eye, Mr. Allington shivering dismally somewhere in space without, as the phrase goes, for what it is worth, a rag to his back. The dear people fairly

shrieked in their joy at the idea. Presently, however, Mr. Allington turns up again, having ingeniously improvised a protecting garment out of the cushions of a rowing boat. How they did laugh to be sure! But the loudest roar of all broke out when it was seen that in snatching up the cushions he had inadvertently dragged away the rudder of the boat as well; and this can be plainly seen hanging on behind him, to the almost hysterical delight of the audience.

A FURTHER complication is produced by the ruse of the family butler to pass his brother off as yet another Mr. Maitland while the real man is still in the background, to appear later. Apart from the commendable ingenuity of the story much of its undoubted success is due to the clever acting of Mr. Ralph Lynn, who has the house in the hollow of his hand from start to finish. It is no use looking at the play from the highbrow point of view. In real wit and sparkling humour it is admittedly below the severely academic standard, but as a popular success it is likely to enjoy a very long run indeed.

IT will be interesting to note if this play is affected in any way by weather conditions. Concerning some plays that have recently been withdrawn, managers have explained that the abnormal temperature for the time of the year has kept playgoers away from the playhouse. But if weather keeps people away from one playhouse, it will surely keep them from another. It follows, therefore, that *Tons of Money* should, in the ordinary course, dry up with the heat. Yet, on the close, sultry evening of our visit, the courteous manager, reluctant, even in the hour of his triumph, to push the MacMichael and myself off the doorstep, wandered dismally through the house from stem to stern in the effort to find an unoccupied seat or so. It was only the chance happening that some misguided people who had booked two places had failed to claim them at the last minute, that enabled us to secure admission to the theatre at all. I judge, therefore, that it will need a very great rise indeed in the temperature to bother the promoters of *Tons of Money*. The play is just what the public wants; and what the public wants, temperature or no temperature, it gets! JINGLE

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

SOME LOVELY LETTERS IN THE "A TO Z" ALPHABETICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

Teddie Gerard and the Beauty Chorus in the latest version of André Charlot's clever revue, "A to Z," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, exert themselves to keep the house amused, despite the vague de chaleur which is doing its sunniest best to keep everyone on the tennis court or the river. The sun's been winning, too, but theatres may take consolation from our weather expert, who says he thinks it is going to snow—soon!

Blood and Sand

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

THE DENISHAWN DANCERS AT THE COLISEUM

Ted Shawn and Martha Graham in a little Spanish dancing cameo, which forms an item of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn's series of cosmopolitan interludes at the Coliseum, where they are having quite phenomenal success with their dances of Egypt, India, and fiery Morocco

Montmartre's Mock Republic

SIGHTS AT THE OPEN-AIR EXHIBITION

THE ONE FRANC POTATO LUNCH

The Battle of the Bohemians

MONTMARTRE'S Mock Republic was inaugurated last year by a number of artists who wished to revive the real Bohemianism of the Hilltop, and to banish the commercialised nightlife of tawdry dancing and expensive restaurants. The election of this year's President is a most informal affair, as may be gathered from these sketches of unpretentious conviviality

MORE OPEN-AIR EXHIBITS—AND SOME PROSPECTIVE BUYERS

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC ISSUES HIS ORDERS

THE ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

SKETCHES BY BORIS

GROSSES DAMES et GIGOLES

By "ROLAND"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

Joli mois de mai. Thus have sung the poets, in the more or less tolerable quatrains, for the many generations. If I make not the mistake, the poets *chez vous* sing of the merry month of May. Why it is that one should call it *joli* in France and merry in England I possess not the authority to dogmatise. *Pour ma part,* as the season of the *petit pois* and the asparagus, I have the habit to find it merry, after to have endured the long weeks of the uninspiring *choux fleur* and the unromantic *soissons.*

PRECISELY was I in the mood to stir myself up to the merriment—after the most delicious lunch of the lamb, with the *petit pois* and the *pommes nouvelles,* though without the piquant mint sauce which we have not yet in France, when I received by the post a volume of the poems. Opening at the *hasard,* without to study the outside—as one does habitually with the books of verse—I fell upon the lines which follow:

MÉLANCOLIE

Le vent souffle un air chaud, et le ciel triste et gris
Descend si près des toits qu'on étouffe à Paris,
Le joli mois de mai, cache dans les feuillages,
Implore le soleil que masque les nuages.
Je rêve à ma Bretagne, à ses rocs de granit,
A ses clochers à jour qui, jusques au zenith,
Au travers de la brume ont l'air d'aller; je rêve
Au bruissement clair de la mer sur la grève,

"La Dame Nature"

Aux landes, aux genêts, aux pins, aux chemins creux,
Aux menhirs anciens, aux vallons vaporeux,
A la fécondité de nos champs, à l'austère
Et ronde nudité des monts de Finistère.
Là, tout et gris, le ciel et la mer, les rochers,
Et les champs, les coteaux, les bourgs et leurs clochers,
Et cette opacité de l'air humide et dense
Fait Paris plus étroit et la Bretagne immense.

AFTER to have been depressed by this comparison of the restrictiveness of Paris with the wide spaces of Brittany, I have turned to the cover to learn who is the minstrel of the melancholy, and I have had the start. I have found it to be my friend, Charles Danielou. Is it not that you would have the start under the similar circumstances? I have not in the least known that Charles Danielou has been the so accomplished poet that he could turn one from the mood of merriment to the mood of melancholy in the few seconds. *En effet,* I have not been aware that Charles Danielou is a poet at all. He is so modest. One has known him intimately as the Minister of Propaganda in the Cabinet of M. Briand. But if he has made the effective propaganda for France he has certainly not made the propaganda for himself. And thus we have been in the ignorance as to his talents.

AT the least until the golf ball of Cannes has driven M. Briand out of the office, and thus left M. Danielou the leisure to hear the inspiration of his beloved *Bretagne.* But now one has the joy to savour the verses which bring the inspiriting tang of the sea and the invigorating air of the open spaces. There has been the sudden plunge from the merriment to the melancholy after to read the first *trouvaille.* But that has been effaced by the further researches in the volume.

"GROSSES DAMES AND GIGOLOS" (*concluded*)

Listen to the tremulous delicacy of this :

Et quand j'aurai chanté, dans le couchant vermeil,
Ma dernière chanson sur ta falaise creuse,
Si le vent de la mer vient bercer mon sommeil,
Mon âme, au son du glas, s'en ira plus heureuse.

That has the effect to carry one far away from the clashes of the politics, and the struggles to run the unequal race with the prices that bound, away to the depths of that wondrous Brittany, where the mystery is equalled by the magnificence of *La Dame Nature*.

AFTER the dip into this well of *doux rêves*, the affairs that preoccupy in Paris have the petty appearance. And yet the topic that one has had most on the mind has the concern with big things. With the large ladies, *par exemple*, Has developed the fear that the *grosses dames* shall be the death of *la danse*. It is they, *en effet*, who have already struck the mortal blow to the merry-go-round in certain of the *dancings* which had gained the notoriety. Many of the *habitués* have fled. They have sought the refuge in the *lieux inconnus*, rather than rest to face the *doléances* in the old haunts. They have not wished to be submerged in the *vague de danse* of the *grosses dames*.

"And the sexe faible has been trop fort"

ONE has learned that it is the *médecins* to whom is to be traced this fury for the dance among the ladies of the overweight. *Jadis*, when the *grosses dames* have searched the cure for the obesity, the doctor has advised : "*Allez aux eaux*—Go to Vichy. Or if it is impossible to do the journey, at least take the pastilles which are there prepared." But now the *médecins* have taken the habit to declare, "You really ought to dance." Increased popularity for the *æsculapes*, *naturellement*. Far more delight, have the bulky dames, to take the spin-cure in the *boîtes* of Montmartre, than to moax about among the gloomy water-drinkers of Vichy. As for the pastilles, "Pah!" "Pah!" indeed, for one does not require to give up even the *petits fours* when one does take the cure *en ronde*. And the champagne may also be maintained. Is it not *en effet*, that it is *obligatoire* in the *dancings à la mode* ?

"At Vichy"

THUS have the fat ladies thought to *jouer sur le velours*. But they have, *malheureusement*, over-estimated the powers of endurance of the dance-men. It is, naturally, not to the amateurs that the vigorous ladies of the eighteen stones, or more, have been able to turn. *Un tel sacrifice* was not to be expected of the men who have not been under the compulsion, in some form or the other. So resort has had to be made to the professionals. But there is the misfortunate state of affairs that the *gigolos* are all of the slight, one might say of the frail, construction. They have not for long been able to withstand the exhaustion of the heavy-weights, so avid for the incessant application of the new cure that they insist to miss not a single dance. The frail *gigolos* have become more frail in the toils.

THE strong sex has been *trop faible* and the *sexe faible* has been *trop fort*. They have had to renounce the dance world and flee to some calling where the chances are more equal. And the *grosses dames*, in the absence of the *petits gigolos*, have to reduce the weight in the pushing about of one another.

ROLAND

In the Paris Salon

"DANS L'OMBRE D'UNE JEUNE FILLE EN FLEUR"
BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE, IN THIS YEAR'S SALON DES ARTISTES FRANÇAIS

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

HIS MAIDEN OVER

THE TEST. By Holloway Horn

RICHARD SPRING and Joan, his wife, lived in a Garden Suburb.

It was Joan's doing.

Mr. Spring was triumphantly ordinary, and detested Garden Suburbs. He was a cheerful young man and liked a quiet life. Something succulent in the city provided him with the means to maintain their considerable establishment and to enable Joan to live her life fully. The phrase is hers. On the whole they got on quite well together . . . considering everything.

Richard cultivated sweet peas; Joan cultivated poets.

Thus may they be typified.

Every unpublished poet in the suburb—and they were legion—used her house as a place of refuge where he was able to read his poems aloud. Her cook, too, was excellent; to an unappreciated world-force this is very important.

Mrs. Spring did not wear a wedding ring; it was *too* suburban. Very like Richard, she would say, with a smile.

He was sometimes rather a trial to his wife, but life is never perfect. He had his points, notably in the matter of supplies. Indeed, he was prepared to do anything in reason for Joan, but he would *not* go to the poetic parties.

There was one dreadful evening when he broke into the conversation at dinner with the announcement that, as a boy, he had met Robert Browning.

Even the most unappreciated of the world-forces who were eating at Richard's table looked at him with interest. Questions were fired at him.

"Poet!" he said. "But my old friend *wasn't* a poet!"

"So I always insist," said a youth with dreamy eyes and a large appetite. "He was no more a real poet than was that sentimentalist, Tennyson."

"No," Richard agreed. "He was a tea-broker in Mincing Lane . . . dear old Bobby!"

Silence.

It was broken by Mrs. Spring inquiring whether Mr. Partington would have a little more ice-pudding.

Afterwards she insisted that Richard had done it on purpose, in order to humiliate her.

II

This Mr. Partington was a most intense young man. At the least opportunity he would produce a slender volume of verse and read to you in a deep, intense voice.

He had written several little poems to Mrs. Spring, in which he dwelt on an alleged resemblance in her to the women of Burne-Jones.

In one of them he asserted that she had eyes of greenest blue. This led to an argument one evening with Richard, who said that "greenest blue" was bosh. Partington retaliated heatedly and his remarks conveyed the suggestion that Richard had no soul.

Mrs. Spring intervened. She assured her husband that he did not quite understand!

She hated scenes, and usually Richard was so good!

"I understand that green is green and blue is blue," he insisted, "and bluest green and greenest blue are meaningless phrases."

"To you, perhaps," Partington put in. "But surely no matter how coarsely fibred one's soul, one must realise that there are blues *and* blues . . . even green blues; hence my phrase 'greenest blue' is not bosh."

"I think it's all a lot of bally nonsense," said Richard, who was now very cross. "And if you'd all get some *work* to do instead of messing about with silly little sloppy poems. . . ."

"Richard!" protested Joan, sharply. "You forget yourself!"

Richard, indeed, had so far forgotten himself that he flung out of the room, slamming the door so loudly that a print of Mona Lisa fell to the floor.

"Dear Richard, he's really too awfully suburban!" Mrs. Spring said, with magnificent unconcern. "So primitive. . . ."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

III

For all her affected calm she was furious. So long as her husband remained in the background she didn't mind, but thus, crudely, to insult her guests and betray his lack of all fine perception. . . .

Partington was exceedingly sympathetic. Talked of Souls in Bondage, Freedom, and all manner of nonsense.

When Richard returned, the Poets had gone. Joan was excessively dignified and continued reading the delicate little volume she held in her lily hand. (Mr. Partington was of opinion that her hands were like those of the "Blessed Damozel.")

Richard was unnecessarily pugnacious. He had stood these lanky drivellers too long. He meant to be master in his own house. Most men harbour such feelings at times.

"I'm jolly glad," he said, deliberately, "that I told that moth-eaten poet what I thought of him. 'Greenest-blue.' indeed! The silly ass!"

"Sometimes," his wife said, without looking up from her book, "you are more offensive than at others."

"That kind of talk, my dear, doesn't cut any ice with me."

"I did not intend to cut ice. Must we continue this unnecessary conversation?"

"I tell you, Joan, I'm just about fed up with these hungry poets. I don't mind feeding 'em, but I'm hanged if I'm going to take any of their back-lip!"

"I'm afraid I do not understand the language of the gutter."

She was still reading in her little book.

"You don't. You'd be a bit more human if you did, and so would those young fools who come braying their nonsense here. Greenest blue!"

"Really, you are getting quite impossible!"

She rose and, unhurriedly, left the room.

IV

The next evening Richard returned from town in a very

"*THE TEST*" (*concluded*)

cheerful frame of mind. Things had gone well in the City.

Joan was out.

He examined his sweet-peas, frowned at traces of green fly, and generally pottered about.

Still his wife was out.

He went upstairs.

In his dressing-room was a note in his wife's writing.

"Your recent conduct makes it impossible for us to continue to live under the same roof, so I have decided to leave you. I go to my soul-mate, to one who can appreciate and understand me."

That was all.

Richard read it again, and then put it in his pocket.

"Well! Upon my soul!" he said. "A soul-mate! What in the name of all that's wonderful is a soul-mate?"

He went downstairs and had another look at his sweet-peas. They were rather good that year.

It was very stupid of Joan. He did not doubt that she would return to him; it was not the first time she had shaken the dust of the Garden Suburb from off her feet. Why couldn't people have a bit of a disagreement and then go on again quietly? It was beyond Richard. No sense of humour! That was what was wrong with the whole lot of them.

Richard was always accusing people of having no sense of humour.

Other times when Joan had left him for ever he had followed her to her Aunt's and brought her back. But where did soul-mates live? Suddenly he became very serious. This time he'd jolly well teach her a lesson. He went to the little room which Joan called his study. Actually he kept his golf clubs and tobacco jar there. Under the note his wife had left for him he wrote:

"I'm jolly glad there's someone who *can* understand you. I haven't any soul-mates knocking around, but I'm off to Charlie Blair's for a quiet game of Bridge!"

He chuckled at his effort. Not bad for a chap who couldn't understand!

He proceeded to light an enormous and ancient pipe that Joan had long since vetoed. Charlie Blair—duly rung up—was delighted and promised to fix up the four at once.

V

Just before dinner Joan came in.

She stood in the doorway looking at him in silence, a smile on her face.

This was ever so much better. Richard was delighted.

"I meant to give you a lesson and I hope I've done it," she said. "You deserve that I should have really gone, you wretched, grumpy old bear!"

"Ah, well, my dear, you're just in time for dinner. I've fixed up for bridge this evening, I'm afraid. Rather took you at your word, don't you know!"

Unconvincingly, he hummed a tune.

"Do you mean to say you really thought I *was* leaving you?"

"To be frank, I didn't, old girl. I jolly well knew that you wouldn't be so idiotic."

"You are most insufferably conceited, you old silly, aren't you?"

"I wasn't certain what a soul-mate was, but it doesn't sound as if it would hurt you, so I didn't worry."

"Really, you are *hopeless!*"

She smiled again as she advanced into the room.

"The maddening part of it all," she said, slowly, "is that you are right."

"Whatever do you mean!"

"I'm through with those wretched poet-people. They *are* silly. It was nine-tenths a pose with me, I suppose. And I hate garden-suburbs!"

"This is rather overwhelming, my dear!"

"It came over me while I was on my way to my Aunt's."

"I *thought* she was the soul-mate," he chuckled.

"Anyway, I saw things clearly. You *are* a man, even if you are not a poet!"

"This is where I bow!" said Richard. "And there's no doubt about your being a woman! Talk about changing your mind. Ah! Here's dinner . . . splendid. I won't be a second."

He went to his "study." When he rejoined his wife he had destroyed the letter he had underwritten.

His wife, too, had destroyed a letter. It had been left for her at a little club of which both she and Partington were members. It was typewritten and unsigned:

"This is simply ridiculous. You know I've no money. Love in a cottage is all very well, but it would rather cramp my style, I'm afraid. You really must allow a poet a little poetic licence! Now don't be silly! Go back to your worthy husband like a sensible woman!" H. H.

Photograph *Navana*

DOROTHY DICKSON AT THE WINTER GARDEN

This pretty little American actress has succeeded in ensconcing herself firmly in the "I like" list of the great playgoing public, and the latter have succeeded in firmly ensconcing "Sally" in the now popular Winter Garden Theatre, which celebrated its 300th performance recently

CATERING

Continental *v.* British

Here are two incidents (both true) on one phase of International v. British catering. No suggestion that Home catering in general is inferior is implied.

SCENE 1

Une petite table à l'Hôtel Chatham en 1911 :

"Qu'allon-nous boire, dites-moi ?"

"Du whisky Haig & Haig, ça va sans dire, mon cher."

"Cette marque est absente de notre carte, doit avouer le garçon . . . ."

"Comment, le plus universel whisky du monde ne figure pas ici ? "

"Un instant, Monsieur, je cours vous en chercher."

Quelques minutes plus tard, l'or du célèbre Haig & Haig emplissait les verres de nos deux connaisseurs.

Inutile d'ajouter qu'aujourd'hui en 1922 Haig & Haig figure dans tous nos grands restaurants de Paris.

SCENE 2

The round table of a well-known luncheon room in London frequented regularly by a group of cheery City merchants, etc. Requests for Haig & Haig Whisky have been made regularly for over three months. They are gentlemen who are willing to pay the "Haig & Haig" price. They have taken the trouble to tell us. No Haig & Haig has yet been provided for them.

The Hotel Chatham, Paris, is popular and prosperous !

MORAL:

Give your Guests what they want. Make them contented.

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

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A LITTLE AND GOOD
MOTTO

This motto will gradually find its way on to our stationery and our labels. It will become a distinguishing mark as well as a slogan.

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SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph *Topical*

INTERNATIONAL GOLF AT PRESTWICK: THE SCOTTISH TEAM

Who beat England by 10 matches to 4, one match being halved. Left to right, back row: J. Wilson, J. Gordon Simpson, T. A. Torrance, G. C. Manford, H. Braid, A. Armour. Front row: W. B. Torrance, J. L. C. Jenkins, W. I. Hunter, R. Harris

Photograph *Topical*

INTERNATIONAL GOLF AT PRESTWICK: THE ENGLISH TEAM

Left to right, back row: G. L. Mellin, C. V. L. Hooman, F. N. Layton, T. R. Ellison, E. W. E. Holderness, C. Bretherton. Front row: A. V. Hambro, C. J. H. Tolley, R. H. Wethered, C. C. Aylmer

Photograph *Sport and General*

C. L. STEYN

The famous Rugby football three-quarter, scoring one of his several wins in the Guy's Hospital Athletic Sports. Incidentally his jump—22 ft. 5 ins.—was a record for these Sports

Photograph *L.N.A.*

THE NEW COLLEGE EIGHT

Preparing for Eights week at Oxford which began on Thursday last and finishes to-day. New College, who are generally "there or thereabouts," gained the headship of the river last year

Photograph *Central News*

249 NOT OUT

Hardinge, the Kent professional cricketer, in achieving this total against Leicestershire, created a batting record for Kent, as well as for himself

Photograph *A. W. Fielder*

HER MAIDEN RACE

The start of the Thames Sailing Club's race which was won by the new Commodore of the Club, Mr. F. G. Mitchell, with his new boat (nearest to the camera) "first time out."

Photograph *Sport and General*

A PEACEFUL INTERLUDE

Thoroughly enjoyed in concert by Mrs. Patey and Miss J. Wethered (right) in the course of the competition for the Ladies' Championship of Surrey at Worplesdon, of which Miss Wethered was the fore-ordained winner. She beat Miss P. Reed in the final by 10 and 8

Photograph *Topical*

PREPARING FOR THE NEXT WAR

The bayonet-fighting competition, won by Cadet C. Harcourt Smith (Oxford) in the Military Tournament between Oxford and Cambridge Universities recently held at Headington Hill, Oxford

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS P. REED

Who survived to the final of the Ladies' Golf Championship of Surrey

Photograph *Sport and General*

H. M. MORRIS

Punishing a ball from Hearne in the first innings of Essex against Middlesex at Lords. He batted finely, and had made top score of the innings (77) when Hearne finally got him caught

Femina

HUSTLING COURTS

BY "CANDIDA"

If I were one of the charming young things who look forward to the next Court as *the* event of their young lives I'd hate to have my great ceremony shorn of half its magnificence. Trains are to be shorter than they were; this means that presently there will be no trains at all, no magnificent curtsies and stately bows. You might just as well shake your Sovereign by the hand, and tell him how pleased you are to meet him, and have done with it.

Everybody knows that Courts are a survival. If there were any other way of announcing to the world that there is a Season on, and that everybody is expected to make the most of it, then we might . . . but there isn't any other way. No one has had the courage and initiative to think of any. And, meanwhile, the dressmaker scores, even with trains that are not what they used to be. Brocade is expensive, and there is no economising in it because ten-and-sixpence still refuses to hang like three guineas a yard, in spite of all the inventive genius that's going begging.

While there are Courts at all, we might as well have the courage of our survivals. They are meant to impress, or what's the good of them? You are intended to feel, when you attend them, that this is a historic business, a link with a glorious past, a past whose chief virtue, now that I come to think of it, is that it *is* past. It should be all majesty, pomp, and lavish display, all splendour, magnificence, and no counting of costs in a nice, subdued, eminently respectable way, of course. All this is easier said than done, because some of the pomp and majesty, etc., etc., must be provided, not only by the giver, but also by the attender of the show. Now the average person, even she who has been born with every social advantage to her credit, is not majestic. As she cannot add a cubit to her stature, she can, and does, clothe the ground behind her, and, by taking up more room than she is entitled to, give an illusion of added cubits. In other, and plainer, words she can wear a train, and leave to it all the work of supplying the pomp, splendour, majesty, etc., etc. The idea is as old as the hills, or let's say as the first king or queen who did not look the part. Can you imagine a Solomon with no glory of velvet, or whatever it was, behind him receiving a trainless Queen of Sheba? Impossible.

The plain fact is that trains are worn not only in honour of the show, but to increase the importance of the attender of the show; which was all very well in the days that were "spacious" *à la* Queen Elizabeth, or leisured and Victorian. But in these crowded times is it fair to expect Royalty to go on smiling far into the night because, as has been said, if it was a Society once, it is a mob now, at least in numbers? I can't imagine that Kings and Queens can be frightfully intrigued by a never-ending procession of ladies, each one trailing after her, like the tail of a falling star, an enormous length of satin or brocade? Minus the trains the business would be hustled through in half the time. But think of hustling through a Court! It's the only bit of life that has the scramble still left out of it.

The train does not only enhance the show; it *is* the show. Leave it out and you might as well turn yourselves into a Republic at once. Diamonds and pearls, all the fine emeralds and Rajah rubies, orders and decorations, and goodness knows what, are impressive enough, but they are nothing if not supported by trains. To cumber the ground with yards of extra stuff makes all the difference. I can't pretend to explain, but when the first serpent whispered to the first Eve, it was not his arguments that attracted her, but his trailing length. She saw its possibilities, and fell.

Long may the day of trainlessness be postponed. But it's just as well, perhaps, that Court rules don't allow you any license with regard to the length and width they prescribe. The trains that go to less august functions are anything but majestic. They begin anywhere and end anyhow, and mostly look as if they had happened by accident. At Court where everybody's train looks like everybody else's we shall have to rely more on our brilliant selves, and less on our talented dressmakers. As with the poor dear men, personality will have to be supplied by the person.

CANDIDA

Photograph *Lassalle*

FAME IN A NIGHT

Miss Florence Austral, who, as Brünnhilde in "The Valkyrie" at Covent Garden last week, made a conspicuous success of this most exacting part. Until the night of her triumph, Miss Austral had never appeared before on the stage

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKY

The great and always increasing demand for

"BLACK & WHITE"

both at Home and Abroad, is due to its consistent high standard of quality. A Blend of fine quality Whisky can only be maintained through the holding of adequate stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies. The largest stocks of these Whiskies are held by Messrs. James Buchanan & Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies.

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Last Words

It now devolves on me to write last words on the Derby. The great race has become vastly more interesting as the result of the tremendous support which Pondoland has received. The majority of his supporters seem to believe that it is "all over bar the shouting." You do nothing to check their confidence when you remind them that St. Louis beat Pondoland by three lengths in the Guineas. "That is so," they reply, "but our colt had been suffering from cracked heels before he ran in the Two Thousand, and now that he is all right again you will see him reverse that form." Of course, if it is true that Pondoland's heels were wrong in the early spring, that in itself would be ample excuse for his defeat.

A Vote for St. Louis?

On the other hand, neither St. Louis nor Re-echo has completely satisfied the Newmarket critics. The former has "run up light," while the other shows signs of lack of stamina. Things, therefore, do not look so promising for the Clarehaven stable as they did a fortnight ago. My latest information is that PONDOLAND is a really good thing for the race, and although at the moment of going to Press he is the victim of certain disquieting rumours, if he runs, I still plump for him. In the event of his non-appearance I think **St. Louis** should win.

Cup Day

THURSDAY is by no means an off day at Epsom, for the programme has some big attractions. The Coronation Cup, for example, will be a race well worth seeing. All manner of good horses are entered here, and I am prepared for the success of **Blandford.** It is a pity this colt is not in the Derby. The Royal Stakes on the same afternoon may suit PHARMACIE or in her absence HUNTING SONG. Providing **Leighton** has not incurred a penalty I shall expect him to win the Durdans Handicap, for which TINSPEAR is my second string.

The Oaks

THEN on "ladies' day" the Oaks will be scarcely less interesting than the Derby to all lovers of good racing. It will be a great treat to see Silver Urn and Soubriquet fighting out their Newmarket battle over again, while they will both be sharply tested if Pogrom is anything like the filly she was last year. It makes us respect the last-named the more when we remember that Alec Taylor has supplied the winner of this race four times during the past five years. I anticipate the success of **Soubriquet,** believing that she will show better staying powers than the filly who beat her in the Guineas.

"HERMIT" By "THE TOUT"

Hats off to the G.O.M. of the Epsom meeting, Lord Chaplin, who carried off the blue riband of 1867 with Hermit, starting at 66 to 1

POLO NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Six Chukkers

We always get some of the best polo of the season in the Whitney Cup Tournament, and last week every tie was well worth watching. I noticed that only six chukkers were played in each game. It was the same in the Social Clubs' Tournament, and, apparently, this is going to be a six-chukker season. Obviously, it is an important innovation for the man with only three ponies. He has hitherto found seven chukker matches rather troublesome, for they meant that one of his ponies would necessarily be called upon to play three periods, which is a bit too much for the average pony. When all is said and done, six chukkers suffice to show which is the better team, and I regard the introduction of these shorter tournament games as one of the best means which could have been devised for keeping down the cost of polo.

Handicap Questions

One effect of these six chukker tournaments is to interfere with the work of the polo handicappers. They have based their figures on longer games, and it is clear that though a team would have a reasonable chance of conceding, say, ten goals to another in the course of seven chukkers, they might easily fail to do so when only six periods are played. Thus in the Whitney Cup, which is played on the handicap, teams with the higher handicaps were called upon to concede only three-fourths the difference to their rivals. Fractions were ignored in favour of the stronger sides. Thus the Freebooters were a one-point better team than Templeton, but they played on level terms. The importance of this anomaly will be realised when it is pointed out that the Freebooters won by only 7 goals to 6. Why should the stronger side be given the benefit of the handicap fractions?

The Inter-Regimental

Remembering the big entries we used to see in the Inter-Regimental Tournament before the War, the present total of eleven—the same as last year—shows that Army polo is still severely dislocated. Happily we ought to have a better tournament than a year ago, when, with various regiments tied down to duty in Ireland, the competition was virtually a walk-over for the 17th Lancers. The winners were lucky in having their pre-War team still available. I think they will be able to put the same four in the field again this year, but such famous polo regiments as the 12th Lancers and the 15th Hussars, both quartered at Tidworth, are hopeful of putting up a good show. The 14th Hussars sent a sporting entry from Cologne, but the Committee could not accept them, the regiment being away from the British Isles.

Special Photographs and Caricatures of Derby Celebrities by "The Tout" on page: 560 and 561

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To H.M. THE KING H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY APPOINTMENT

When lunching at a friend's Club, how one notices this and compares that! The service, the appointments, the catering; but above all, the Members. And yet the standing of a Club may be known from the hat rack. Count the Lincoln Bennetts!

Lincoln Bennett

LINCOLN BENNETT & Co Sackville Street PICCADILLY LONDON. TRADE MARK.

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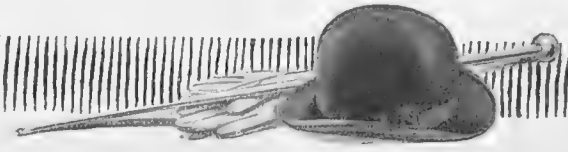

What is a Fluke?

By "H. S. S."

Most people have heard the story of the undergraduate who, at an oral examination (for which he was but ill-prepared), was asked to define a rhomboid, and replied, naïvely, "Well, of course, that depends upon what you *mean* by a rhomboid." Had he been invited to define a fluke a similar answer would not have been inappropriate. A fluke, unlike a rhomboid, does not admit of exact definition. It all depends (as the undergraduate suggested) upon what you mean by a fluke. And upon this question it is not easy to find two people who think alike.

Billiards is the most exact of all ball games; there are no misbounds, sudden gusts of wind and the like at billiards. And yet, if we eliminate the player (?) who takes a blind slog in the hope that something will happen, it is not easy to say what is, and what is not, a fluke at billiards. How often has one heard in response to the ejaculation "Fluke!" the dignified reply, "Oh, no. That stroke was 'on'?" This answer sometimes elicits the retort, "Yes; but you didn't try for it!" and perhaps at billiards a fluke may be defined as a shot which the player does not actually try to achieve; but is the test one which can be applied with equal success to all ball games?

Take the case of a ball (other than a service) which hits the top of the net at lawn tennis and pitches, nevertheless, in the proper court. It is a "good" return, and about nine times out of ten it is a winner. Is it a fluke? Some say "Yes," others "No." The *Ayes* contend that at lawn tennis you do not try to hit the top of the net; the *Noes* retort that you try to go as near as you possibly can to so doing, and that a matter of an inch or less, cannot turn a good stroke into a fluke. Similarly a shot which hits a line is not a fluke, although you do not actually try to hit the line.

Some years ago a man was told by an irrepressible joker that Dr. Pim, the champion Irish player of those days, could always make the ball hit the top of the net and drop over whenever he chose. One day at a tournament, seeing the doctor standing near a vacant court waiting to play a match, he thought he would test the truth of the assertion. Accordingly he went up and politely asked him whether it was true that he could always achieve a "net-corder" at will. By way of reply Pim picked up a ball, bounced it on the ground, and drove it "good and hard." It duly hit the top of the net and rolled over! Was this a fluke? No, because he tried to do it.

Again, what about the man who, at golf, does a hole in one, or—which amounts to much the same thing—holes his approach? Here it may be argued that since his object is to get the ball into the hole no stroke which achieves that object can be deemed to be a fluke. It may also be argued that where the green can be reached in one shot what the player really tries to do is not to "sink" the ball, but to place his ball on the green as near to the hole as possible; he expects, in fact, to have to play another stroke after the one he is playing and, consequently, if the one stroke happens to suffice it is a fluke.

A. Herd, the well-known professional, has done a hole in one sixteen times, and will quite possibly add to this record before long. Three of these "ones" were accomplished at one particular hole on his home course. Would he admit that he does not try for a "one" when he plays this hole? On the other hand, there are golfers as good as Herd who have never done a hole in one, and will probably (for that reason) say that they have never tried to.

We may take again the case of a fieldsman at cricket who jumps, or dives, for a catch which is seemingly well beyond his reach and holds it. This, I suggest, is no fluke (though I have heard catches of this type so called by perfervid partisans of the batsman who is thereby "outed"), because it is something which the catcher has tried with all his might and main to achieve. Hundreds of tries, too, are scored at Rugby football because the ball happens to bounce luckily for the try-getters; hundreds of others are lost because the ball bounces luckily for the defence. One cannot describe a try which is the outcome of a lucky bounce as a fluke because the scoring of a try is the aim and object of every man on the field.

On the whole, therefore, I think that the nearest thing to a satisfactory definition of a fluke is the one that I originally propounded, that is to say, that when a player makes a shot which he did not actually try to make and achieves by it something more than he actually meant to achieve he makes a fluke. But there will always be cases where it is impossible to say what the player is really trying to do. Sometimes he would be hard put to it to answer that question himself! H. S. S.

By Geo. S. Dixon

The Admirer of Smartness: "That's a smart chap for you and a nice fellow, to boot"

The Victim of Smartness: "M'm yes. He would be a nice fellow—to boot!"

A Riddle of the Ring

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE BOXING REFEREE?

THE storm of controversy which raged after the Carpentier-Lewis fight must have been very distasteful to the average Englishman, who has come to regard boxing as the one sport in which he may rely upon fair play being observed, and the subsequent criticism that was levelled at boxers, at the referee, at the promoter, must have given him to wonder whether future prize-fights will not result as equally unsatisfactorily if better control of the men is not exercised by the referee.

Regarding this, it is interesting to remember the Earl of Lonsdale's criticism when he said that in addition to a great deal of doubtful fighting on both sides, the referee was not sufficiently emphatic in separating the men. Having refereed boxing and wrestling myself for years under various rules and after many years experience, I have come to the conclusion that nothing can beat the Imperial Service Boxing Association Rules, as far as the refereeing itself is concerned. The one magic word "Stop" means everything, and until the referee gives the word to "box on" the men are consequently prevented from fighting, and had the referee adopted such methods in the Carpentier-Lewis match it is probable a more satisfactory result would have ensued.

By adopting such measures any fight could then be refereed outside the ring, for if the boxers are not going to obey the referee, whether he is inside the ring or out, the fight must inevitably develop into a fiasco, and the quicker it is stopped the better. Otherwise referees (as in the case of the last Olympia contest) would have to be Dempseys or Jack Johnsons in perfect training, and go into the ring stripped like the contestants themselves in order to prevent continuous clinches and doubtful tactics. Was Mr. Palmer, the referee, to be blamed for not having the physical strength and science of either of the boxers to bring about effective "breaks"? If he had but used the word "Stop" the controversy about Lewis being hit when he was looking at the referee could never have arisen, because then the blow would have been a foul one.

It is all so simple and all so clean in Imperial Service bouts. The referee says "Stop," and then cautions one or both of the men, as the case may be, for their particular offence. Until he tells them to "box on," as I have said, they remain apart, hands down. If, on the very rare occasions that it does take place, both men are holding, or fouling, and using dubious tactics after being spoken to once, or even twice (it depends on the nature of their transgression and the latitude the referee is prepared to allow them), the fight is finally stopped and the men ordered from the ring.

And here it is a case of everybody's good, the spectators, the boxers themselves, who have been taught the necessary lesson, and those to follow, who realise that they have got to fight clean. I maintain that if one big fight were once stopped in consequence of underhand fighting, and the men ordered out of the ring, whatever the magnitude of the house, or the purse, might be, it would have a most salutary effect upon English boxing and restore to it the prestige of honour and fairness which the conduct of recent fights has challenged. The champion in these big prize contests seems to forget that the rules apply to him as much as to the novice, and it is he more than anyone who is expected to uphold all that is honourable and scientific in this great sport.

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Turning over an old Leaf

Simple Adam and Subtle Eve.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN many ways it is doubtful whether we have advanced from early primitivism. Even the dilettante is compelled to face necessity, and necessity is an ugly vision. So, with the world's progress at a standstill, the mind reverts to the origin of things, and, hating primitive reality, ponders on the myth of Eden.

Probably Eve, when she took her morning bathe, tired of the unchanging reflection in the pool of her pearl-white covering and, craving for change, evolved the original idea of body ornamentation. Having made her plans, she was subtle enough first to "feed the brute" before breaking the news, so in order to put him in a good humour she offered Adam a bite of her apple. Then simulating a chill which did not exist, she induced him to search for decorative fig leaves to serve as alluring draperies.

From the moment of donning her first costume she cultivated fresh whims and fancies, and varied her designs to such an extent that poor Adam's life became one long and weary search to discover fig-trees with leaves of rare and refreshing shape. Which occupation, incidentally, contrived to keep him out of other mischief.

* * * * * * * *

The allegory applies to modern times. We twentieth-century Adams hunt from morn till night, not for precious fig leaves, nor even now for gold, but in a paper chase for things called Treasury Notes. And when we have collected a large number of them our modern Eves magically change them into a wisp of chiffon which they wrap around their dainty forms as a protection against the elements.

In a season Eve will appear adorned in a dozen diaphanous gowns, costing many hundreds of pounds, whilst Adam, humbly collecting the few odd notes Eve so generously permits him to keep for himself, trots along to Bond Street for a Dress Suit once a year.

Adam will find compassion at Pope and Bradley's, where his difficulties are understood. Compared with Eve's indulgences, the following prices are hardly worth mentioning. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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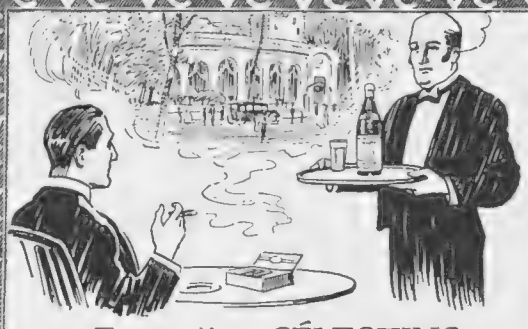

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JUST A SUGGESTION FROM OLD BILL TO BRIGHTEN THE NEXT WAR

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

It is to be hoped that the New Poor are not all like the Lady Ann Spenworth, whose *Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) are set forth so admirably by Mr. Stephen McKenna in his new novel. For although Lady Ann is delicious to read about, she is a wicked old schemer. She has her good points, of course, but they are rarely allowed to appear, and for obvious reasons. She can humbug herself, but rarely other people. Luck, I suppose, is against her. There is no getting over the fact that if you want to entertain Royalty, and maintain a little *niche* of your own in Mount Street, and honourably desire a career for a lazy scalliwag of a son, you must have money. Unfortunately, Lady Ann's income is not of the right size.

So you see her battling hard with a world mostly unsympathetic—not wholly so, for the Princess still comes to Mount Street, and are not Lady Ann's confessions breathed out to a friend of proved discretion?—and if her weapons are not always legitimate, well, if your back is to the wall, must you not use any weapon that comes to your hand? Besides, in matters of warfare, where does legitimacy begin or end? It is, perhaps, regrettable that Lady Ann should try to prevent a rich niece from marrying the man of her choice, but shouldn't a mother do the best she can for her only son? And if a divorce—always an unhappy affair, when the parties enjoy high rank—can be prevented, even if thereby a son of yours should succeed to a title and money, is not its prevention desirable? Poor Lady Ann! And cunning Mr. McKenna! Lady Ann may be a contemptible old thing, but you cannot possibly regret making her acquaintance. She is a memorable old fraud, and her *Confessions* make up a joyous entertainment.

Not many poets have had their home life dragged forth so repeatedly into the limelight as Swinburne. That house at Putney seems to have bewitched everyone who was lucky enough to set foot inside it. But it is not to be wondered at. Apart from his work, Swinburne was a remarkable being, and even his most childish (or should it be childlike?) characteristics are interesting to read of. Wherefore I can recommend Mrs. Watts Dunton's book, *The Home Life of Swinburne* (Philpot: 15*s.* net), which, without setting forth much that is startlingly new, paints a lively picture of the poet and his friend. A few current errors are corrected, and a few fresh examples are given which show Swinburne in the most agreeable light. There are new photographs, too.

R. S.

Bridge and the Man

In the past few years auction bridge has become to be the most popular card game yet invented; poker is nowhere in comparison, and Mr. A. E. Manning Foster in his latest book, *The Light Side of Auction Bridge* (Putnam: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) has some interesting things to say about what is assuredly the chief factor in the game—the human element. The book makes pleasant reading, even if the chapters are a little brief, and some useful information will be drawn from its pages. It would be a revelation to know at whose house party Mr. Manning Foster played such frivolous bridge that the scoring had been forgotten! Most people usually find it as intense as a strenuous game at Almack's.

MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of

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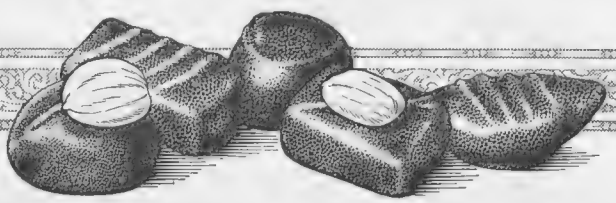

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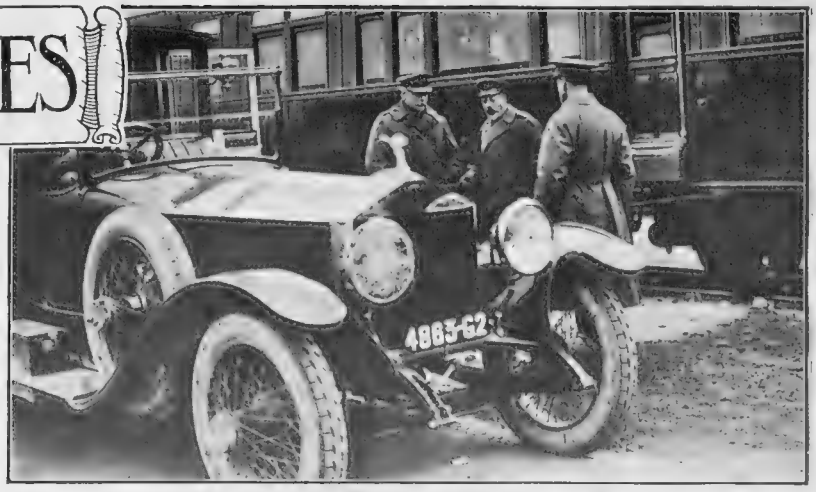
MOTOR·NOTES



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WAR GRAVES

His Majesty, accompanied by Earl Haig, entering one of the six Rolls-Royce cars used on the recent royal visit to the graves of the fallen in Belgium and France

COMPETITION for custom is getting keener every day between the various fuel-distributing companies, and the Shell-Mex group are determined to keep their end up, as they have arranged a testing engine plant at Ricardo's, at Shoreham, to ensure that their fuel gives out maximum power. Motorists for years have known that the oils from Sumatra and Borneo are richer in petrol spirit than from other parts of the world, but of recent years little of this spirit has found its way to this country. In fact, like the highest grade teas, it has been used for blending to improve poorer fuels. Now the Shell-Mex people have this testing engine going constantly, testing under identical conditions every time all the various fuels, and if you go down and inspect this plant you will find that the present Shell-Mex petrol gives out more power than other fuels because of its richer benzol qualities. This they obtain by blending or enriching the poorer American oil (petrol) with their richest benzol fuels, and thus produce a standardised blend.

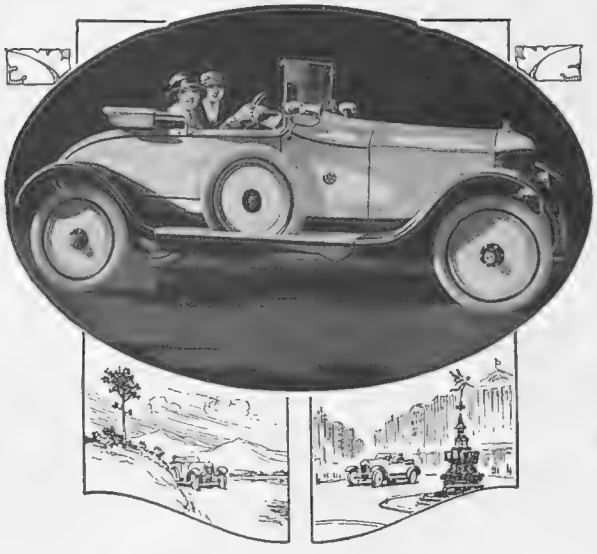
* * *

SINCE the British Motor Boat Club has shifted its quarters in London to the Hotel Cecil, members have been flowing in gaily, so there should be many new boats racing this coming season. Some of the old ones have changed hands, and Oswald Colls, the old B.M.B.C. secretary, has gone to the Sussex club at Brighton to run their races this season, so perhaps we shall see the Sussex 30 ft. one-design class in some of the B.M.B.C. events. By the way, the Sussex Motor Yacht Club have now allowed the owners of these craft to tinker with their engines how they like, except increasing cylinder capacity, so new speeds are being looked for out of the dozen or so at present refitting for the first regatta.

* * *

ON May 2 the tiny 10 h.p. Wolseley light car succeeded in establishing a new record for the double "twelve hours" continuous running on the Brooklands track. As Colonel Lindsay Lloyd, the cheerful Clerk of the Course, remarked, "this record has been instituted to meet the requirements of drivers who wish to go for a twenty-four hour record, but are unable to make the continuous run on account of the annoyance

(*Continued on page 595*)



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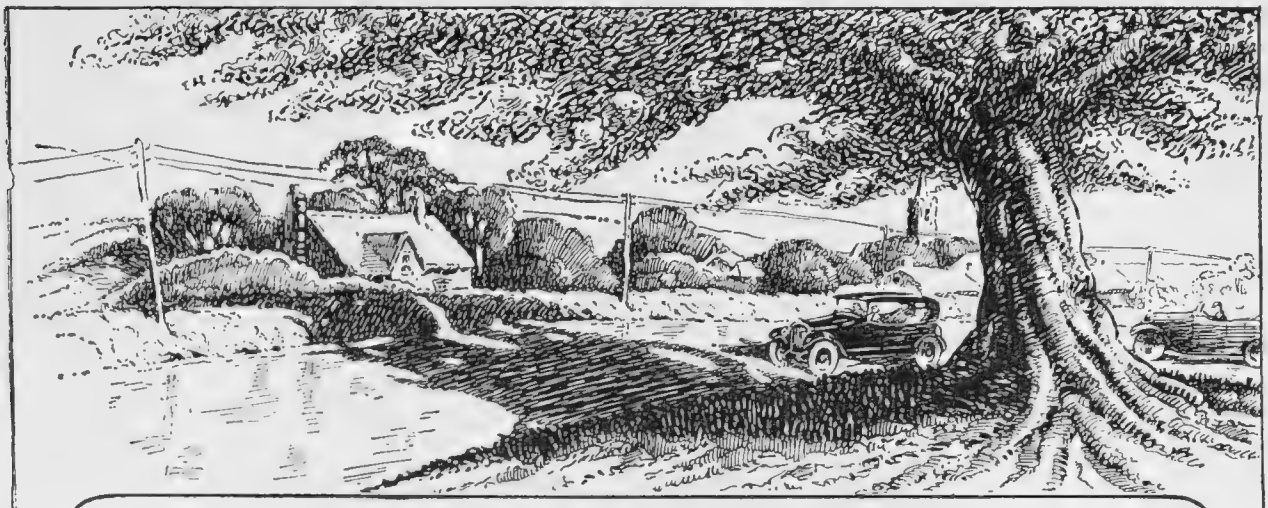

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

caused to the inhabitants of Weybridge by the noise of the all-night driving." Oh! yes, and there is a little matter of a perpetual injunction of the High Court, which, I fancy, carries a bit more weight than the mere annoyance idea. But, never mind, most folk have come to the conclusion that the "double twelve," that is twelve hours driving on consecutive days, is more trying to the engine than the 24 hours right off the reel. The reason why being that after the engine and oil has cooled down, and the latter got thick again, it is necessary to warm up the engine and the oil again before pushing all out on high speeds. The neglect to do this nearly cost the Wolseley the new records as two hours were wasted on the second day as a "big end" melted, and it speaks well for the car that it was repaired and started off again successfully to finish the self-appointed task.

* * *

THE 10 h.p. records for the 1 hour, the 100 miles, the 150 miles, and the 2 hours in this 10 h.p. class are held by the A.C. The 200 miles record is held by the Talbot-Darracq, whilst the Wolseley itself held all the records from 3 to 8 hours and 300 to 500 miles previous to this last effort. The actual new records which the Wolseley has established are the 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 hours, and the "double twelve," and all distances from 600 miles to 1,400 miles. The distance covered in the 24 hours—"double twelve"—was 1,465 miles 1,080 yards, averaging a speed of 61.06 miles per hour, the new record. But, as showing that this record would have been still faster if the drivers had been a bit more careful at the start on the second day, I may mention that 843 miles 1,603 yards were run in the first twelve hours, also a new record at an average speed of 70.32 miles an hour. This 10 h.p. Wolseley was driven in turn by Messrs. Miller, Vandervell, and Temple, who, as the bookies shout, "they go round and round until they're sick, I'll lay 4 to 1 bar 1," must have been glad when it was all over.

* * *

THE SUNBEAM IN SURREY

A six-cylinder touring model of this deservedly popular car at Mickleham

I HAVE no wish to throw gibes at our lady Members of Parliament, but I should like to suggest to Mrs. Wintringham that when she presented the "petition on behalf of 3,146 owners of Ford motor-cars, praying this honourable House to reduce the excessive taxation on same" to the House of Commons recently, someone ought to have told her that there are over 30,000 Fords running in this country, so that her petitioners were but 10 per cent., more or less, of the Ford owners, which is not weighty enough.

* * *

RECENTLY, whilst talking of General Motors, Ltd., I mentioned that, besides other makes, they assembled Hudson machines at their Hendon Works. This, of course, was an error, as the General Motors have nothing to do with this make of car. OLD HY.

You can't keep a good car down

IT was thought once by some that, owing to certain difficulties (in no wise concerned with the car itself), the Angus-Sanderson would "go under."

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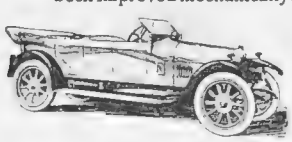

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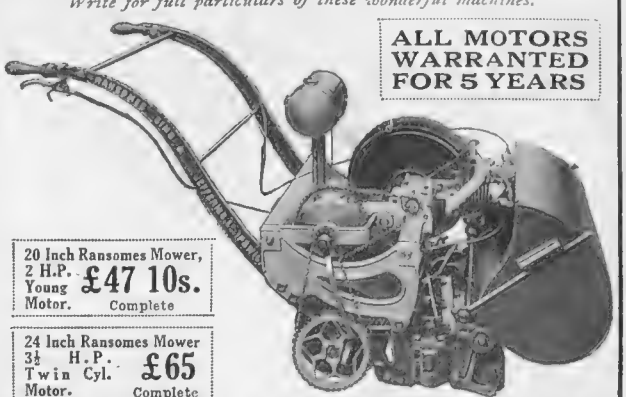

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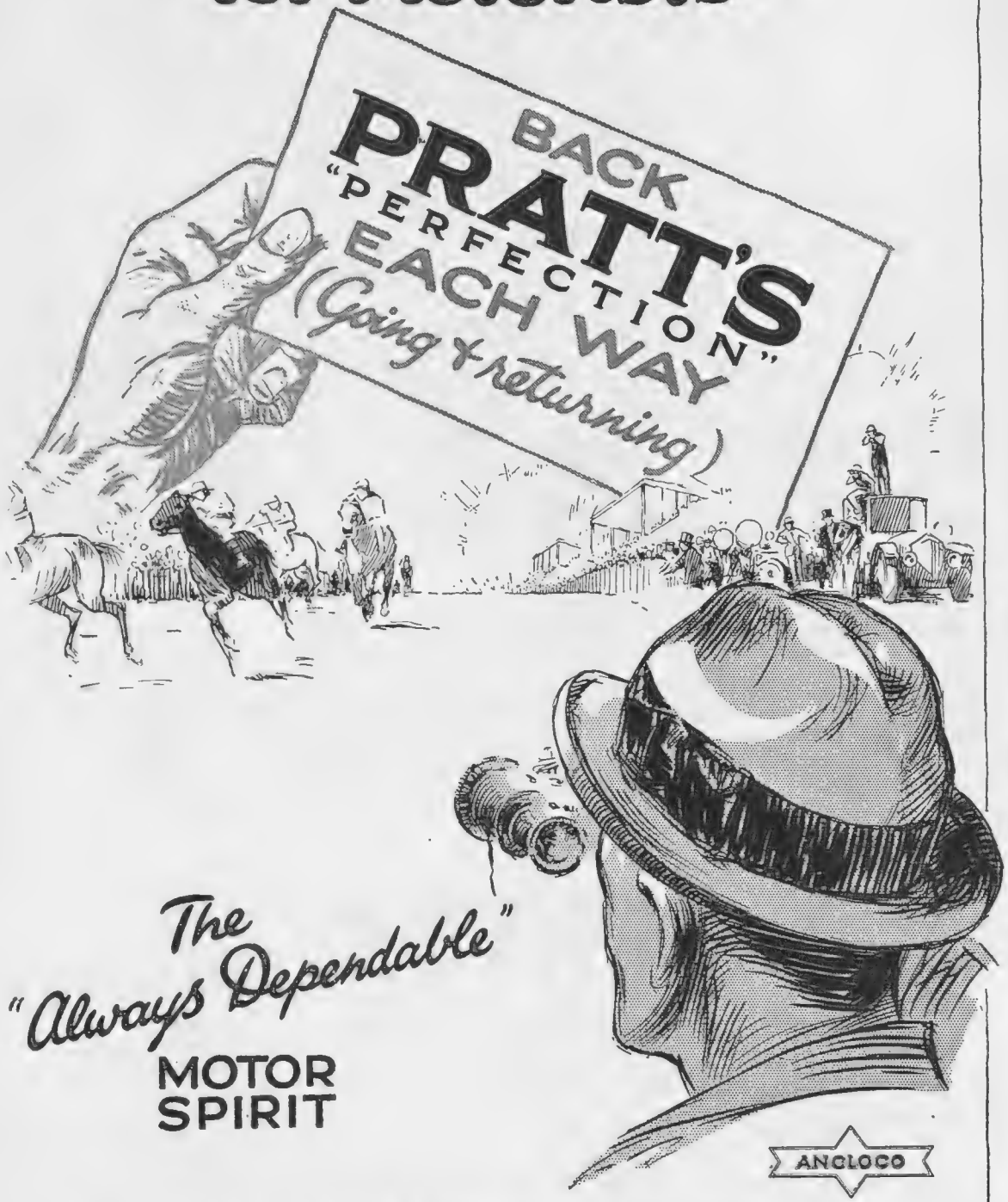
(Dept. 4), WALTHAM CROSS, LONDON, N.
B.3. West End Showrooms: 136, Charing Cross Road, W.1. W.A.A.

The Safest Tip for Motorists



The "Always Dependable"
MOTOR SPIRIT

ANGLOCO

From the Golden Pump or in the Green Can
AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO. LTD., 36 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

D.A. 500

AERTEX CELLULAR UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, SHIRTS, SHEETS, Etc.

THE LITTLE FAIRY OF GOOD HEALTH SAYS—

Don't be a non-starter

Live for all you're worth this summer even when old Sol is blazing. You *can*—if you can keep cool.

You can join in things — or if you'd rather—watch, and watch in comfort.

You can mix with crowds — and yet not feel the crush—if you can keep cool.

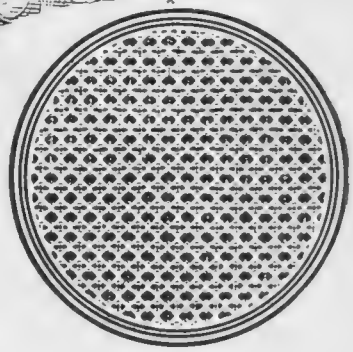
And you *can* keep cool—as a cucumber—even on the hottest day, if you take Nature's tip.

Nature, to cool the earth, sets air in motion, creates breezes.

Aertex is made so that you can keep cool naturally. It contains myriads of tiny cells—air cushions—which form an air-circulating system — cooling, soothing, vitalising the tissues, keeping you cool, comfortable—even on the hottest day.

More—the natural way of keeping cool is the safe way—Aertex prevents colds and chills because its cellular construction equalises the temperature of the wearer.

For health vigour and contentment this summer—wear Aertex.



The AERTEX Cellular principle of fabric construction allows for the free circulation of even-temperature air next to the skin, stimulating and refreshing the tissues with fresh supplies of health-giving oxygen, preventing chills.

AERTEX is the ideal wear for summer days. Prove its value to-day.

Wear AERTEX cellular

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, SHIRTS, SHEETS, ETC.

Reduced Prices

Look for the Aertex label on all genuine Aertex goods — refuse imitations.

A Selection From List Of Depots Where Aertex Cellular Goods May Be Obtained.

London—Boltons, Ltd., 177, Piccadilly, W.
Robert Scott, Ltd., 8, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.
Oliver Bros., Ltd., 417, Oxford Street, W.
Aberystwyth—Arthur Owen, North Parade.
Aldershot—Thomas White & Co., Ltd.
Bath—E. & H. Deane, 9, Edgar Buildings.
Bexhill—Wheatley Bros., St. Leonard's Rd.
Blackpool—E. R. Green & Son, Bank Hey St.
Bournemouth—A. Barrett, Seabourne Rd., P'dn.
Bradford—Brown, Muff & Co., Market Street.
Bridlington—H. D. Green, Royal Arc.
Buxton—J. W. Potter, London House.
Cambridge—J. Taylor & Co., Sidney Street.
Coventry—Hayward & Son, Broadgate.
Croydon—Pickford & Newton, George Street.
Eastbourne—Bobby & Co. Terminus Road.
Exeter—E. Sebley, High Street.
Glasgow—Arneil & Yuill, Gordon Street.
Harrogate—Allen & Son, Prospect Crescent
Hull—T. Gillett, King Edward Street.
Ilfracombe—Pugsley & Son, High Street.
Ilkley—Barker Brothers, Leeds Road.
Ipswich—Grimwade & Son, Cornhill.
Leamington—Francis & Sons, Bath Street.
Leeds—Hyam & Co., Briggate. [Waterloo.
Liverpool—Wilkinson Brothers, South Road.
Manchester—Craston & Son, Oldham Street.
Middlesboro'—A. W. Foster, Linthorpe Road.
Newcastle-on-Tyne—E. Robson, Grey Street.
Oxford—A. Shepherd Cornmarket.
Paignton—F. Spry, 20, Victoria Street.
Plymouth—Perkin Bros., Union Street.
Scarboro'—Rowntree & Sons, Westborough.
Sheffield—J. B. Eaton, Ltd. Angel Street.

Write for 1922 Catalogue, giving full range and prices of garments, etc. together with name of nearest retail depot to
THE CELLULAR CLOTHING COMPANY, LIMITED, FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

New Knitted JUMPER

JENNER'S specialise in fashionable Sports Coats, Jumpers, and Knitted Suits for Ladies, and have now in stock the latest styles at most moderate prices.

Illustrated list on request.

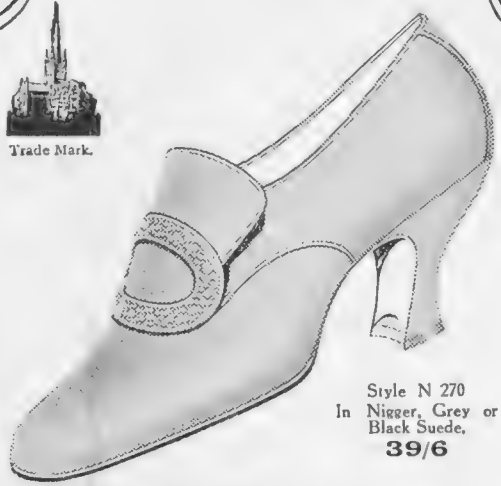
"ORKNEY"
Hand Knitted Jumper of Real Shetland Wool with deep border round foot of open-work design; neck and cuffs finished to correspond. Warm, but very light in weight. Colours—White, Grey, Moorit, and dark Brown.

PRICE
22/6

Jenner's pay carriage.

JENNER'S
PRINCES-STREET EDINBURGH

Trade Mark.



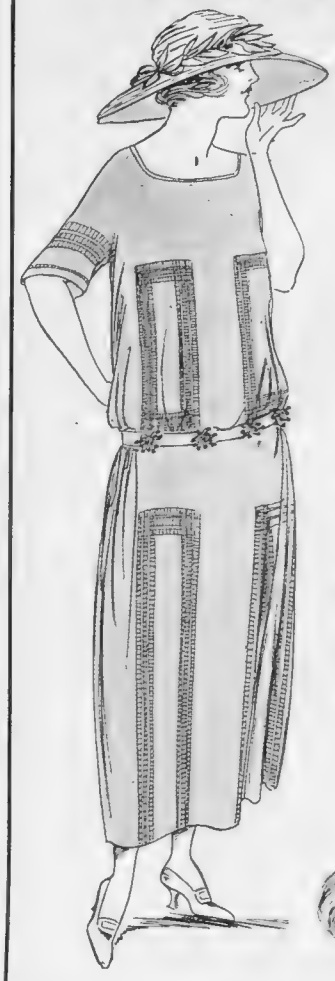
Style N 270
In Nigger, Grey or Black Suede.
39/6

'NORVIC' Suedes

THE close, even, velvety surface of Norvic Suedes makes them delightful to handle and charming in appearance. They are bound to give good service in wear, because they are made of the finest velvetta calf or nubuck. The shoe illustrated can be had in a choice of three colours. With its dainty Louis heel, large tab and neat oval buckle it has a very distinguished appearance on the foot, and is beautifully light and flexible.

NORVIC
THE SHOE DE LUXE
Write for Booklet of Styles and name of Nearest Agent, post free.
NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE



An exquisite gown for a garden party or the Races — a dainty wash frock for tennis or the sea —there is always a choice that repays a special visit to Goochs. Charming materials—artistic colourings — *and* moderate prices.

"*TAPLOW*"
Attractive frock of floconna; cut on long becoming lines and beautifully worked with hand-drawn thread embroidery. Tufts of rococo ribbon and beads at waist. In Henna, Gorse Yellow, Tan and White. Price **5 Gns.**

"*JOSEPHINE*"
Attractive and elegant gown of fine wool jersey cut on becoming up-to-date lines, beautifully worked with silk lattices. Wide modish sleeves, and handsome plaque belt. In Black with Red Plaque Belt; Navy with Grey Plaque Belt.
Price **13 Gns.**

Also in coloured floconna with hand-drawn thread work, and self belt. Price **7½ Gns.**

See also Goochs practical summer wear for Children.

GOOCHS Ltd
BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
Tube Station: Knightsbridge.
'Phone: Kens. 5100.

FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS
VISIT

STRATHPEFFER SPA

ROSS-SHIRE.

Sulphur—strongest in Europe —and Chalybeate Waters. New and up-to-date Electric Treatment.

THE HIGHLAND HOTEL

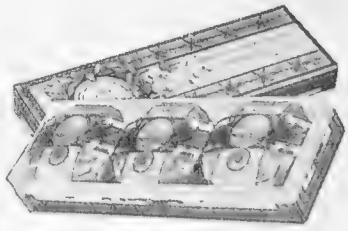
This first-class Hotel is now open for the Summer Season and affords ample accommodation for those who want a real Highland holiday at Britain's premier Spa. Private recreation grounds, including Hard Tennis Courts, Croquet Green and Golf Putting Green. Beautiful scenery, charming walks and drives.

TRAVEL VIA WEST COAST ROUTE.

Write to the Manageress, Highland Hotel, Strathpeffer, or to Mr. H. H. Ward, Manager, Highland Railway Hotels, Inverness, for A. B. C. Guide and Tariff.

ROGER & GALLET
TOILET SOAPS

Supplied in the following odours: CARNATION, SANTAL, VIOLETTE, LILY OF THE VALLEY, TOKIO, SWEET PEA, &c., &c. Price List free.



To all who know the rare quality of the world-famed Roger & Gallet Perfumes it is sufficient to say that the Soap is equal to the Perfume in delicacy and quality. It is made from choicest material, infused with exquisite Perfume.

You will delight in this toilet luxury, which is an inestimable boon to the skin.

Daintily packed, each box brings to you three large long-lasting Tablets at **4/6**. From all high-class Chemists, Stores, Drapers and Hairdressers.

Roger & Gallet

You will best appreciate the Specialities of Roger & Gallet by sending for their miniature sample box of Fleur d'Amour Perfume and Powder, Eau de Cologne and Tooth Paste. Enclose 1/- P.O. to Roger & Gallet (London) Ltd., (Dept. S), 14, Poland Street, W.1.

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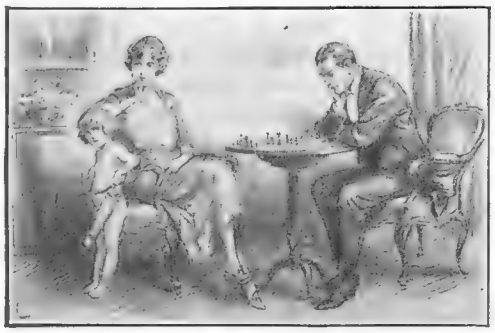
COUPON



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THE

Bystander Title Competition No. 9.

The Editor of The Bystander offers a prize of FIVE GUINEAS to readers in Great Britain and Ireland for the best title to the picture (No. 9) reproduced on page 562 of this issue. Cut out this Coupon, fill in the space below in BLOCK LETTERING, and address it to :—

BYSTANDER TITLE COMPETITION No. 9,
Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. 4.

All attempts must reach this office not later than Wednesday, June 14. The Editor's decision will be final.

TITLE.

.....

Name.....

Address.....

COUPON

THE

Bystander Title Competition No. F1.

The Editor of The Bystander offers the following prizes to Foreign and Colonial readers for the best title to the picture (No. F. 1) reproduced in our issue of May 3.

1st Prize, £10 2nd Prize, £5 3rd Prize, £3

Cut out this Coupon, fill in the space below in BLOCK LETTERING, and address it to :—

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TITLE.

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Address.....

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The NOBILITY of MOTHERHOOD

MOTHERHOOD is the crowning glory of a woman's life, the realisation of her fondest dreams.

During the months of patient waiting she draws pictures of her child's future; she would have him strong and well-grown — the embodiment of sound physical and mental development which is essential to a successful career.

The realisation of these visions depends in a large measure upon whether baby is fed correctly from birth.

Medical science is agreed that the only right way is for the baby to be breast-fed. An adequate supply of rich milk is assured if "Ovaltine" be regularly taken throughout the nursing period. With much advantage it may also be taken before the birth. "Ovaltine" also enables the mother to maintain her strength while nursing.

"Ovaltine" is concentrated nourishment made easy of digestion and in the form of a delicious beverage. It is prepared from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs, with a cocoa flavouring.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Enables Mothers to Breast Feed their Babies

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain, 1/0, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross St., London, E.C.1

Works: King's Langley.

156.

Insist on the Pro-phy-lac-tic in the YELLOW Box

Doctors Endorse the

Pro - phy - lac - tic Tooth Brush. It does what no other brush can do—removes food particles from between the teeth and other hard - to - get - at places.

The tufts of bristles penetrate every crevice, and the extra-high end tuft cleans even the backs of the back teeth.

"Prevention is better than cure," and by preventing tooth decay the Pro - phy - lac - tic Tooth Brush saves one from many serious ills.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

GENUINE only in YELLOW Box

In hard, medium, or soft bristles — one quality only—always in the sanitary YELLOW Box—**2/6.** At all Chemists, Stores, etc., or, if any difficulty, sent post free on receipt of price.

If your Pro-phy-lac-tic fails to give the service you think it should, return it to us, and we will send you a

NEW BRUSH FREE

paying the postage both ways.

Write for the new book, "Tooth Truths," on the care of the teeth.

WILLIAM E. PECK & CO., Inc., 31, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

14

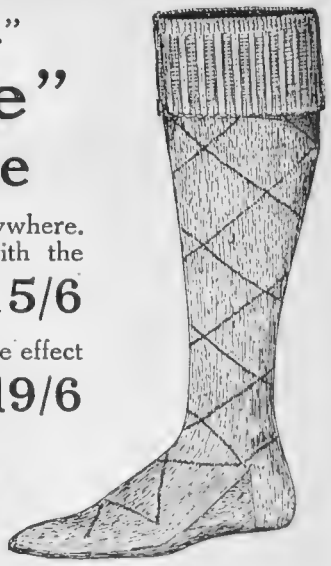
Manufactured by Florence Mfg. Co., Mass., U.S.A.

"Highland as the Heather."

"Aberfoyle" Knicker Hose

— popular with Sportsmen everywhere. Heavy knit in 3-ply Wheeling with the smart overline design. A grand stocking for comfort and wear. **15/6**

The **"LORN"** has the same overline effect but is knit in the lighter weight 4-ply Fingering. Per Pair **19/6**



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Don't develop your Kodak films

Post them to WILL R. ROSE. He does them best, and only charges for successful exposures.

They will be returned in a few hours, perfectly developed and printed, together with helpful advice. You need not pay in advance; this guarantees your satisfaction, and his efficiency. The charges are very moderate. Write for illustrated list "B."

Will R. Rose **CHESTER: 23, Bridge Street Row. OXFORD: 134, High Street.**

And over 50,000 receiving stations—your nearest pillar box is one of them.

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER

SARDINIA HOUSE KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2.

Himrod's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from *Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds.* Buy a tin today at your chemists.

4s. 6d. a tin

L. & N. W. R.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

Special Corridor Trains at Cheap Fares will be run from LONDON (EUSTON) on FRIDAY, JUNE 2nd, to

NORTH WALES
CENTRAL WALES
IRELAND
BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER
LAKE DISTRICT
CAMBRIAN LINE
SCOTLAND
LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICTS, ETC.

AVAILABILITY AND FARES—

Tickets to Stations in England and Wales by each of these excursions will be available for return by specified trains on Monday June 5th, Tuesday June 6th, or Fridays June 9th or 16th, and tickets to Stations in Ireland and Scotland will be available for return by specified trains on Tuesday June 6th, Wednesday June 7th, and Fridays June 9th and 16th. The fares will be approximately the ordinary 3rd class single fares, plus one-third for the double journey.

Passengers intending to travel by these excursions must obtain their tickets prior to the date and state at the time of booking the period required.

CHEAP "SATURDAY TO MONDAY"

Tickets are issued between any two stations available on the outward journey on Saturdays by any train, and on the return on the following Sunday by any train after 6 a.m. or Monday by any train.

Minimum Charges: First Class, 10/-, Third Class, 5/-.

Bills giving FULL PARTICULARS can be obtained from the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

For all information in regard to Excursions, etc., apply to the District Superintendent at Euston Station, or to Mr. L. W. HORNE, General Superintendent, Euston Station, London, N.W.1.

EUSTON STATION, LONDON, N.W.1.

ARTHUR WATSON, *General Manager.*

LETTERS TO A DEBUTANTE

By "Mildred."

A well-known fashion expert writes on footwear and other fashions. These letters will appear approximately every three or four weeks at the instance of James Southall & Co., Ltd., of Norwich, who have made high-class shoes since 1792. "Mildred" will gladly answer any enquiries as to fashions, etc., if addressed care of Messrs. Southall.

DEAREST MEG,

Grannie has gone. She found the strain of London too great, but not nearly so great as I found the strain of her. Having been thoroughly "blown up" for the last month I feel like a punctured tyre now that peace reigns in her stead. I know now why people are inspired to paint pictures and call them "Calm after Storm." Grannie is a complete Sirocco in herself. Pyscho-analysis, the new fashions and the younger generation tried her sorely, but what finally produced her return ticket was the "Curate's Egg" at the Ambassadors. You've heard about the Garden of Eden scene—Nelson Keys is Adam and Irene Russell Eve. After much ado about the "forbidden fruit" and what you would feel like "before" and "after," Eve plucks it, rends it in twain, and lo, there appears a "perfect white toilette"—a positive dream. Adam does likewise and the result is a suit of dress clothes. Whereupon Adam and Eve retire behind the trees to reappear as modern man and maid, and declare that the tree of knowledge stands for nothing more or less than the "Dawn of Fashion" in the Garden of Eden.

Start-Rite. It took Peter all his time to prevent Grannie invading the Box Office and demanding her money back. Peter mollified her in the interval by suggesting how much more practical it would have been if the Management had secreted a pair of Start-Rite shoes for the kiddies in both of those apples. Grannie has got these shoes on the brain and wishes she was young enough to get them on the feet. I think I told you that Peter's nephews and nieces — not mine — have been fitted out with them. "Start-Rite" talking—or rather walking—points, as Grannie never gets tired of recalling, are the arch support stiffener and elongated heel. This combination, in technical language supports the arch of the foot, holds weak ankles in position and prevents that objectionable habit of standing on one side, which in its turn means shoemakers' bills galore. However, there is a silver lining to every cloud, and Grannie's forthcoming visiting tour among her grandchildren and relations will mean continuous propaganda for Start-Rite shoes.

"Grandma believes in Start-Rite Shoes."

A Double Life. Things are either not what they seem, or else many of the fashions of to-day are leading a double life. Barbara Hoffe in "The Man in Dress Clothes" wears an elaborate luncheon toilette. It is of old gold crepe marocaine reinforced with a tunic that looks as if it all belonged to the dress. But not a bit of it—it is merely a very wide crepe marocaine scarf, centred and hemmed with kolinsky, and wound round the figure below the waist. One end flies over the left shoulder in Spanish fashion, while the other forms a sash end and is weighted with fringe. This scarf can be removed in "two twos," when lo! and behold the simplest little chemise frock appears. Again, lace and chiffon frocks cut absolutely straight are accompanied by dolmatic tunics all on their own, topped with a gorget collar of the 14th century. The dress is complete without the tunic.

The Grecian Outline. I think I told you how very particular Peter has become about my shoes. Luckily I have discovered another Lightfoot shoe, so his majesty is satisfied. It is made of patent leather, with an imitation toe-cap, Louis XV heel, and turned sole, and looks so well and smart with my blue serge suit. You know an imitation toe-cap decreases the size of the foot and prevents any rubbing in the vicinity of that tiresome joint which is always susceptible to rheumatism and its attendant ills. Of course, the heel is small, a conceit that prevents it slipping, and so wearing holes in the stocking.

The Band and the Jester. Peter has actually added to my collection of Lightfoot shoes himself, an act of devotion which I regard as a thank-offering for the departure of Grannie. He chose a pair of Fancy Band Courts which are provided with an extremely becoming brogued band across the front. They have a velvet leather lining, while a piece of elastic is cleverly introduced to make them fit the foot neatly. Personally I prefer the suede Jester Court Shoe, as it is made in all the fashionable shades of suede. For you, my dear, I recommend a Lightfoot with an open lattice gusset and a round French toe. Just send a postcard to Southalls, of Norwich, asking for a picture of it—that is if you can't get it in the "Ever Faithful City," Exeter. Did you know Exeter has never failed in its loyalty to any king? I love every stone of it.

"I prefer the Suede Jester Court Shoe."

Yours ever,

MILDRED.

Lightfoot

Shoes for Ladies

ELEGANCE and economy are combined in the Lightfoot Shoe. Among its thirty-one styles is to be found the ideal shoe for each occasion. Whether for walking, house or evening wear, for great affair, or simply for the home, the Lightfoot selection can be depended on to fill the need.

Lightfoot Style No. T. 12. Ladies Patent Colt Band Shoe, Louis Heel, Light and Flexible.

Price **35/6** *per pair.*

And comfort and long wear are also features of every Lightfoot Shoe, for it is built to a standard that permits only of the best in material and workmanship. Each pair that leaves the factory must worthily maintain the more than a century-old reputation of its manufacturers.

Lightfoot Style No. W. 9. Ladies' Glace Kid, Welted Oxford Shoe, Patent Cap, Military Heel.

Price **32/6** *per pair.*

These facts explain why women of discernment take the trouble to insist on Lightfoot Shoes.

Write for address of nearest Agent

JAMES SOUTHALL & CO., Ltd., NORWICH.

'The Book of the Ranee Pearl' sent free.

Ranee

COMPARISON of Ranee Pearls with other imitation pearls, or better still, with real pearls, can but serve to emphasise the superiority of Ranee Pearls in the one case, and their amazing verisimilitude in the other.

RANEE PEARL NECKLETS
with paste clasp, ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond or pearl centre.

'A' Quality	Super Quality
Length 16 ins.	Length 16 ins.
3 Gns	**4 Gns**
24 ins. **5 Gns.**	24 ins. **7 Gns.**
30 ins. **7 Gns.**	30 ins. **10 Gns.**

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LONDON SW1

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COME TO SCOTLAND BY THE OPEN SEA WAY.

Scotland is at her best in early summer, and what finer holiday could one have than a sail from London to Aberdeen direct—along the East Coast in a modern, finely appointed steamer—good cooking, comfortable berths and staterooms, fine fresh sea air—a sail you will for ever cherish as a delightful holiday experience—healthy, charming and inexpensive.

Aberdeen, the famous "Granite City," is of itself a delightful holiday centre, with golden sands unsurpassed in the Kingdom, and is most conveniently situated for those who wish a short itinerary in the famous districts of Ballater, Balmoral, Braemar, etc.

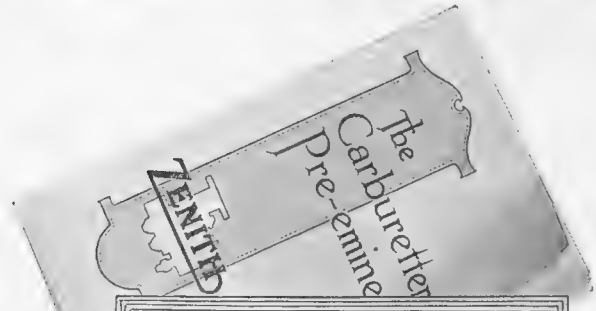
COME NORTH—AND COME NOW !

Bi-weekly Sailings either way June to September.

Ask any Tourist Agency or write to-day for Leaflet "A" and full particulars of Fares and Allied Holiday Tours post free from

THE ABERDEEN STEAM NAVIGATION COY., LTD.

Aberdeen Wharf, Limehouse, E. ('Phone, East 952).
Pitt & Scott's, 25, Cannon Street ('Phone, Bank 749).
Wheatleys Ltd., 46, Beak St., Regent St. ('Phone, Gerrard 3581).
or
HEAD OFFICE: 87, WATERLOO QUAY, ABERDEEN.



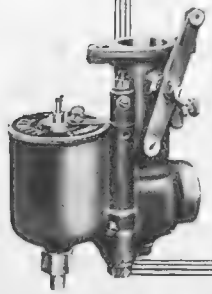
The Carburetter Pre-eminent

Send for this descriptive booklet, which tells how by sheer force of merit the Zenith has become the premier carburetter of the world. The

ZENITH CARBURETTER

saves petrol, gives uninterrupted and continuous service, and requires no attention once installed.

THERE'S A ZENITH FOR EVERY TYPE OF CAR



ZENITH CARBURETTER CO., LTD.,
40-44, Newman St., London, W.1.
Telephone: Museum 4812-4813.
Telegrams: Zenith, Museum 4812 London.

A DRYAD TEA WAGGON with oak shelves, four castor wheels so as to turn in its own space, rack for bottles, etc., price 7 guineas, carriage paid. Dryad quality, and very different from the so-called "Just as Good," which never is. Illustrated Catalogue of Cane Chairs, Tables, Settees, Workbaskets, Linen Baskets, etc., will be sent post free on application to the Dryad Works, Y Dept., Leicester.

P.20

Correct Golfing Wear
for Men and Women

THERE is a "correct" style for Sporting as well as Town wear. For Golfing and Shooting suits the fashion is real

Scotch Tweeds

Sporting Cheviots and Homespun-type tweeds hang well and have a distinguished appearance. The rough surface sheds rain; and even a thorough soaking does not hurt the material.

Traditional Scottish designs and colourings give to genuine Scotch Tweeds a distinction which no imitation can rival; and the absolute genuineness of the material is assured by the Trade Mark as above, guaranteeing the cloth to be

Made in Scotland of Pure New Wool

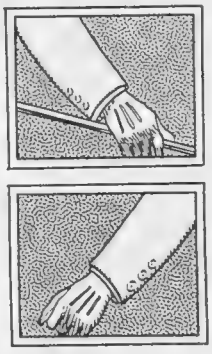
Issued by The Scottish Woollen Trade Mark Association, Limited
27 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

What personal supervision does for your Suit

THE present fashion in cuffs is to cut them rather narrow and with three buttons. Narrow cuffs are fashionable because they go well with soft shirts, the cuffs of which are smaller than stiff cuffs used to be. This is an important little point which tailors less careful than J. & H. Ellis often overlook. You will readily understand that sleeves cut with cuffs suitable for stiff shirt cuffs would leave too much room round the cuff—they wouldn't be smart.

As to coats, three buttons are very smart—the top button is not used, the lapels rolling easily and gracefully—not pressed *flat* as they used to be.

These, and other important little details, obtain the careful attention they deserve at J. & H. Ellis' because Mr. Ellis himself supervises the making of your suit from start to finish; and the cutter and workhand are present at the fitting to see that every particular need that you may express is carefully attended to.



This shows the present fashion in cuffs – three buttons, with the cuff cut rather narrow so as to neatly enclose the soft shirt cuffs now worn without undue roominess.

BLUE SERGE (Colour stands Sun or Sea) or Scotch Tweed Lounge Suit,

£6 6 0

JACKET SUIT, as illustrated above, in black Vicuna for jacket and vest and Cashmere striped trousers,

£7 7 0

J & H. ELLIS

Civil, Naval and Military Tailors,

200 and 201, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

Opposite the Law Courts.

"Do you take as much care of your Flannels as you do of your Bat?"

LUX

Won't Shrink Flannels.

IT is almost a solemn duty to care for your bat, to preserve its spring and suppleness, so that you get the best from it. Your flannels, equally indispensable to the game, won't give you length of wear if they are washed in the ordinary way. Lux washes flannels perfectly, preserves their loose-fitting comfort and colour; they are smart and unshrunken to the end.

PACKETS (TWO SIZES) MAY BE OBTAINED EVERYWHERE.

Lx 236—34

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Inexpensive Summer Frocks

A VERY boxful of surprises is Dickins and Jones' new palatial premises in Regent Street. For spaciousness, light, air, and general comfort a more ideal shopping centre could not be imagined. And that these essentials are appreciated, as they well deserve to be, is vouched for by the constant *va-et-vient* that daily goes on.

A masterpiece of enterprise is the third floor *salon*, which includes a department exclusively devoted to ready-to-wear, inexpensive frocks.

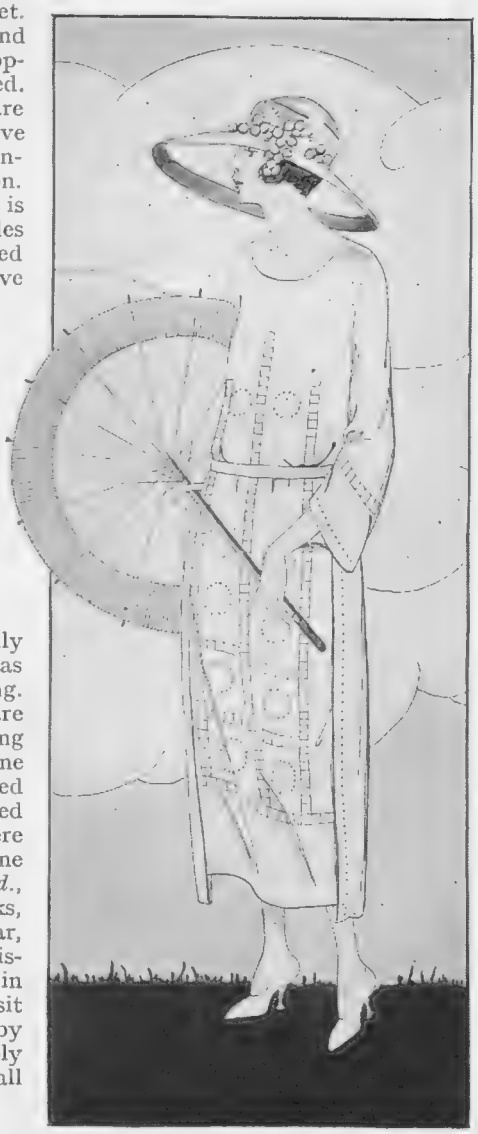
Naturally a firm of such high prestige has selected a special line of campaign where these are concerned, as may be judged by the example illustrated. Fashioned of fine quality white voile, this is hand-worked throughout with bold veining and little graduated ring spots of rose silk, and, perfectly finished in every particular, is selling at 98*s.* 6*d.*

A number of simple, tastefully expressed *foulards* at 5 guineas are also well worth considering. The *foulards* used for these are especially good, alike in colouring and quality. Very smart is one having a black ground patterned with white, and discreetly relieved by deep touches of orange. There are, too, the prettiest of ratine frocks commencing at 29*s.* 6*d.*, while demure little cotton frocks, suitable for morning or river wear, start as low as a guinea. The display, however, is remarkable in every way, and well merits a visit at the earliest opportunity by all who desire to be seasonably and daintily attired at a small expenditure.

The Teagown at its most Exquisite

LIKE the classic style of tailor-made and *le five o'clock*, as our French friends call afternoon tea, the teagown is essentially of English origin. Therefore, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the Englishwoman wears this as she does the tailor-made and her riding habit, with an elegance no other nation can touch.

Many there are, of course, who minister nobly to her needs in this regard, and none more successfully than Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. Every year extra space has to be found for the hundreds of exquisite models this firm finds it necessary to hold in response to the ever-increasing demand, for these people have got a name that is unrivalled, alike for originality, fine taste and value, and one they obviously intend to maintain at concert pitch.



A RECHERCHÉ FROCK

Composed of fine quality white voile, this is hand-worked throughout with bold veining and little graduated ring spots of rose silk, and makes a most perfectly finished frock

Sketched at Dickins & Jones by Betty Nisbet

That much being said, take a glance at the elegance depicted on the next page, which is, more strictly speaking, a teafrock rather than a gown. A creation of black satin *beauté* and silk Spanish lace, the latter is dropped over the shoulders in the form of a captivating cape, hemmed with the satin and repeated in an over-skirt that finishes at the one side in sash ends. In the hand, this is a mere little wisp of a gown, and consequently delightfully cool, but worn, it at once reveals its graceful, elegant lines and generally alluring character, while the price is most reasonable at 12½ guineas.

A Drecoll model, exceptionally *recherché*, to be seen in these *salons*, is composed of geranium-pink crêpe jersey, arranged in long, straight, slim draperies, held to the figure at a low waist line by a glorious *motif* of *diamanté*, silver bugles, and large facet-cut jet beads, from which hangs a rich gold fringe in thin, separate rope strands.

Cut in one with wide, graceful sleeves, which in their turn are lined with gold lace, is a flowing square train that drops direct from the shoulders, like a *manteau du cour*. It is very lovely, rather severe, and incomparably *chic*.

Smocking, that has once again arisen in favour, is in evidence on a heavy grey georgette teagown, the smocking mounting the innumerable panels composing the skirt, these embroidered at the hem with lines of steel beads. A short hanging cape once more lending distinction and grace to this model.

In inexpensive teafrocks for girls struggling along on a moderate dress allowance, Debenham and Freebody have verily surpassed themselves. For there is a very bewilderment of choice in these, including a range conspicuously successful, at 98*s.* 6*d.* Made of taffetas, disposed in draped panels over petticoats of filmy vellum, tinted lace, with cross-over bodices of taffetas, these are lined silk throughout, and are quite exceptionally fine value.

Le Secret d'Orsay

IN the words of the renowned French firm of d'Orsay, Beauty is not exclusively immaterial æstheticism. Her splendour, *éclat*, her magical charm, does not preclude a physical quality that sooner or later exacts the aid of art.

All of which is apropos, among other things, of a wonderful crayon

rouge that is exclusive to the house of d'Orsay. This, it may be explained at once, has nothing to do with the ordinary lip salve that rubs off as easily as it rubs on. Crayon rouge adheres, and is put up in the convenient form of a thin stick, and, furthermore, requires to be moistened before it is applied. But once used, it remains, while it is guaranteed free of all deleterious ingredients. As, indeed, is everything, the cream d'Orsay, poudre d'Orsay, etc., prepared by these experts, who may be said to have brought about a revolution in *l'art de la toilette*.

Their latest perfume is Fleur d'Orsay, extraordinarily delicate, subtle and aromatic, a vast improvement the firm consider themselves, although some may deem that almost impossible, on their perfumes Rose and Chevalier. They must know, however, and this being so, there is very little doubt but that their Fleur d'Orsay will be the scent of the season. It is put up in the quaintest square-shaped flagons, with gilt tops, at 13*s.* 6*d.*, a price that holds good at all the leading stores, also the many representative drapery establishments that stock the d'Orsay preparations.

Especially designed for handbags is a small watch-shaped flagon, enclosed in an envelope case, that will be much appreciated during the long summer days spent out in the open. Since Fleur d'Orsay possesses certain refreshing qualities that are directly indicative of purity, and also a complete absence of that clogging odour so characteristic of common, poor perfumes.

AN ELEGANT CREATION

This is a most becoming teafrock of black satin beauté and silk Spanish lace, the latter being dropped over the shoulders in the form of a captivating cape. The elegant lines and alluring character of this gown stamp it with unmistakable distinction

Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's by Betty Nisbet

Persuasive Clothes

VALUE and exclusiveness remain, as ever, the predominant notes at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge. This establishment, moreover, carries certain traditions that invariably have tremendous weight with those of the *haute monde* who prefer to shop where they are known, and where custom permits them to walk at once to the special department they wish to consult. That is to say, the elect feel at home at Woollands, besides having the utmost confidence they will find there that which they are seeking at its very best.

Recently issued is a summer illustrated brochure, that at once provides an invaluable text of the doings there, the handsome coloured cover hinting Ascot, with a dainty creature in the foreground arrayed in lace and *charmeuse*, the long corsage, swinging panels, and hanging lace sleeves hall-marking the model as of *le dernier cri*, one of many similarly *recherché* examples for grand functions.

A like fine taste prevailing in inexpensive washing frocks for river, tennis, seaside, and country wear. A checked zephyr is delightfully treated, with long roll collar and cuffs to the short sleeves of embroidered muslin, and priced at only 49*s.* 6*d.* A fine French *batiste* in pale colours only, ornamented with drawn thread work, appealing with equal persuasion at 8½ guineas, as also a new fancy sponge cloth, hand embroidered, at 3 guineas.

A perfectly fascinating sports skirt, arranged in small flat box-pleats, made in various materials, including the serviceable coating serge, is again priced at 3½ guineas, and a jolly sports suit, with striped skirt and self-coloured hip-length coat, the latter most originally fashioned, coming out at 8 guineas.

Dainty Bijouterie Featuring Birds

WHAT a wonderful establishment is Vickery's, 177, Regent Street. That one will ever draw a blank there is unthinkable. Year in and year out they go on designing and creating things, both great and small, in jewellery, *bric-à-brac*, and leather goods.

AN ORGANDI FROCK

This charming model, suitable for garden-parties or Ascot, is fashioned of pale yellow muslin, the skirt deeply bordered with an embroidery in self shades with touches of black. The slim bodice surmounting the very full skirt is *le dernier cri*, as is the deep falling frill. A big black mushroom completes the toilette, trimmed in front with a light early-Victorian nosegay of many-coloured flowers

Original design by Miss C. S. Oswald

Their most recent exploit in inexpensive trifles are brooches, pendants and charms, the salient feature whereof are miniature birds. Illustrated on page viii is a bar brooch, for instance, on which stands a wee gold chick gazing reflectively at a lately vacated white enamel egg; while a realistically coloured tom-tit swings in a circle of gold as a pendant, brooch, or slide for a black ribbon wristlet. These are all exquisitely made and finished pieces of *bijouterie*, and commence in price for a charm at 30*s.*

A further feature here that will be widely appreciated is a simple, effective, oval-shaped diamond watch, mounted in platinum, that costs only £39 10*s.*, a truly amazing price in view of the fact that the diamonds are brilliants and platinum is used, not white gold, and that the interior of the watch

(Continued on page xii)

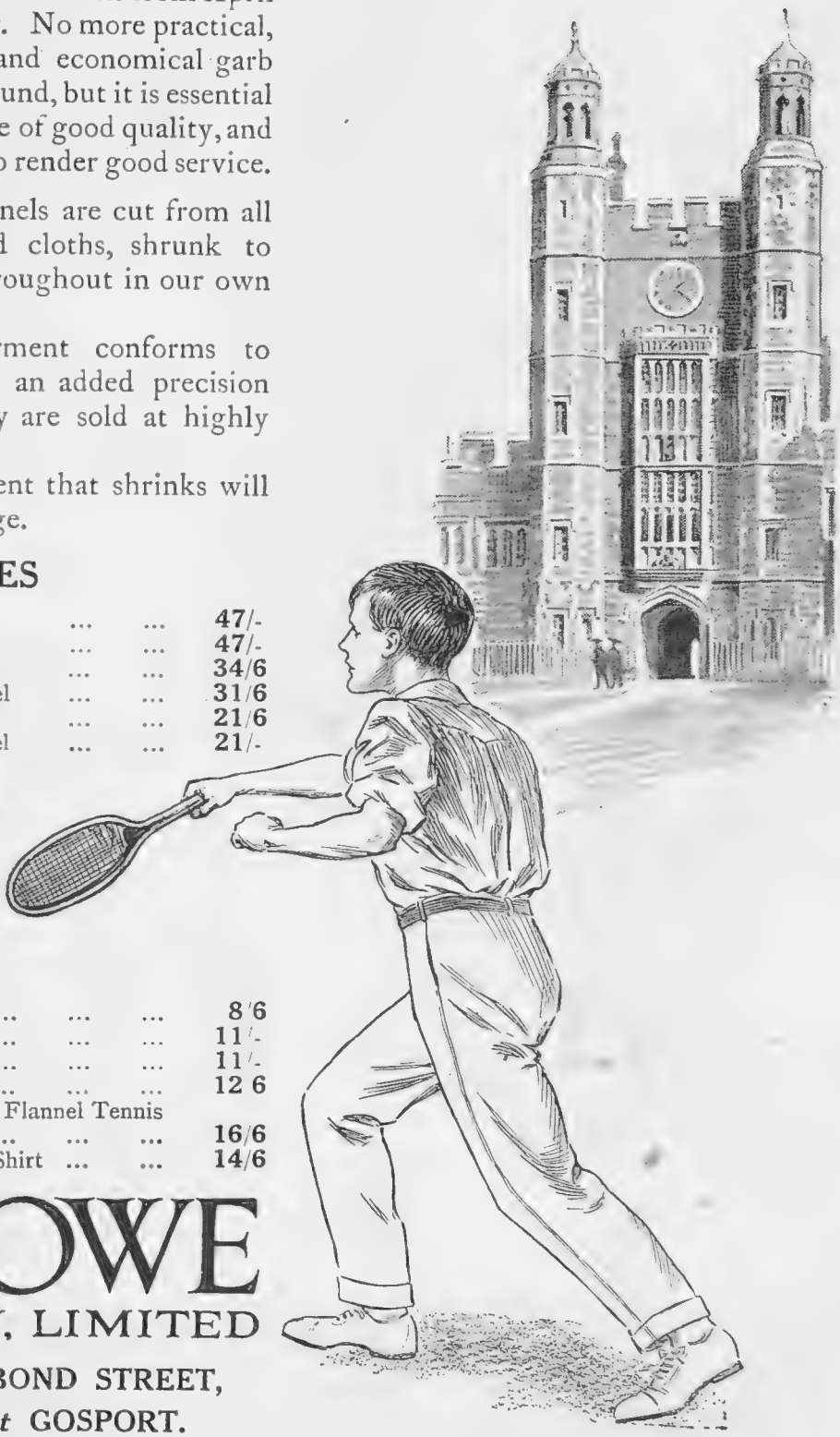
School Flannels

THE boy of school age practically lives in flannels from April to October. No more practical, hygienic, and economical garb could be found, but it is essential that they be of good quality, and well tailored if they are to render good service.

Rowe flannels are cut from all wool West of England cloths, shrunk to infinity, and tailored throughout in our own workrooms.

Every garment conforms to school regulations, with an added precision of fit and cut, and they are sold at highly competitive prices.

Any garment that shrinks will be replaced free of charge.



PRICES

Blazers:	Grey Flannel	47/-
	Blue Flannel	47/-
Slacks:	Grey Flannel	34/6
	White Flannel	31/6
Shorts:	Grey Flannel	21/6
	White Flannel	21/-

All prices based on average 12 year size

TENNIS SHIRTS,
with collar attached

Grey Union Tennis Shirt	8/6
Grey Ceylon do.	11/-
White Ceylon do.	11/-
White Flannel do.	12 6
Best Cream Saxony All Wool Flannel Tennis Shirt	16/6
White Union Taffetas Tennis Shirt	14/6

WM ROWE
& COMPANY, LIMITED

105 & 106, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, *and at* GOSPORT.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

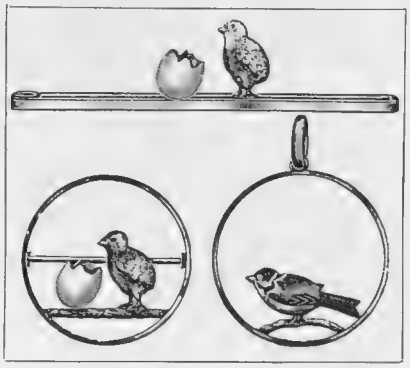
is guaranteed of perfect movement. *Salaams* many to Messrs. Vickery, who may be also congratulated on a new ingenious gold skeleton cigarette holder, that is fitted with an adjustable flange, so that it may, if desired, be laid without harm or destruction of the cigarette on a card-table, a very cute, clever little notion, and, in its way, one that fulfils a real want.

Inexpensive Holidays

The Great Eastern Railway are arranging inexpensive holidays in Belgium to all the Coast resorts, to the battlefields, to the ancient Flemish cities, and to the Belgian and Luxembourg Ardennes viâ the Harwich-Zeebrugge route. Also they are issuing cheap week-end return tickets from London to Zeebrugge available from Friday to Tuesday. No passports are required by British, Belgian, or French subjects resident in the United Kingdom travelling with week-end tickets. Particulars of these cheap fifteen-day tickets to Antwerp, Brussels, and Zeebrugge can be obtained from the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

Whitsuntide on the Continent

Cheap tickets to Paris by the Calais and Boulogne Short Sea Routes will be issued daily by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway from June 1 to 5 inclusive, available to return on any day within fifteen days. Tickets with a similar validity will also be issued to Brussels viâ Dover-Ostend and Dover-Calais. This will be the first issue since the War of cheap Whitsun tickets to the French and Belgian capitals. Passports will be essential both to Paris and Brussels. Special Tickets, without passports, will be issued to Boulogne, Calais, and Ostend on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 2, 3, and 4, available for return on any day up to the following Wednesday.



ATTRACTIVE BROOCHES

Vickery's, of Regent Street, are responsible for these charming brooches, the salient feature being miniature birds most originally posed and mounted

The Casinos at Boulogne and Ostend will be open.

Brighton and South Coast Railway

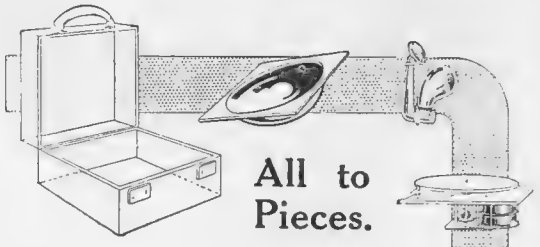
The arrangements made by the Brighton Railway for the Whitsuntide holiday will be found to be very far-reaching, and will no doubt attract a very large number of visitors to the South Coast resorts. Fast trains and numerous cheap tickets will be the order of the day. Special services have been arranged by the popular Newhaven and Dieppe route for the conveyance of visitors to Paris and all parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy daily. In addition excursions will be run to Dieppe, the favourite resort of the Normandy coast, on June 2 to 5, the return fares being 70*s.* 10*d.*, 50*s.* 10*d.*, and 30*s.* 10*d.* The return journey may be made on any day up to June 6. Passports are unnecessary for week-end visits to Dieppe. The Casino will reopen for the season on June 1.

G.W.R. Arrangements

The Great Western Railway Company have again made comprehensive arrangements for the convenience of holiday makers at Whitsuntide, and a special feature is made of bookings, not only to cover the Whitsuntide period, but for a week or a fortnight for the benefit of those persons who have wisely decided to take their holidays early. From Whitsuntide onwards, holiday excursions for a week or a fortnight will run to popular holiday resorts from Paddington Station and all parts of the G.W.R.

Whitsuntide Travel

The London and North-Western Railway Company have arranged a very comprehensive list of excursions for the Whitsun holidays to Scotland, the English Lakes, North and Central Wales, North of Ireland, Liverpool, Manchester, and East Lancashire, etc. All the long distance trains will be composed of up-to-date corridor stock, and the greatest care has been taken to arrange the departure at times most convenient for the public.



All to Pieces.

Just to show you how simple it all is. But make no mistake, it is the simplicity that bespeaks greatness, a simplicity very difficult to attain. Every part is perfect and in perfect accord with the whole. Nothing necessary is lacking; nothing is there that is not needed. It is because of the simplicity of its parts that the 'Decca', with its many exclusive and not-to-be-copied features, stands so well the extra knocking about and exposure to weather which falls to the lot of the portable gramophone.

THE DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

Model 1. Leather Cloth .. £5 10 0
Model 1a. „ „ .. 6 10 0
Model 2. Compressed Fibre } 7 15 0
Nursery Decca .. }
Model 3. Solid Cowhide .. } 10 10 0
Model 4. Teak Brass-Bound }

Of Music Dealers, Stores, etc. "Decca" Book (illustrated) on request.

THE DULCEPHONE CO.,
34, Worship Street, London, E.C. 2.
Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd. (Wholesale only)

"BLACKBIRD"

MADE BY THE "SWAN" PEN PEOPLE

6/-
(postage U.K. 3d. extra)

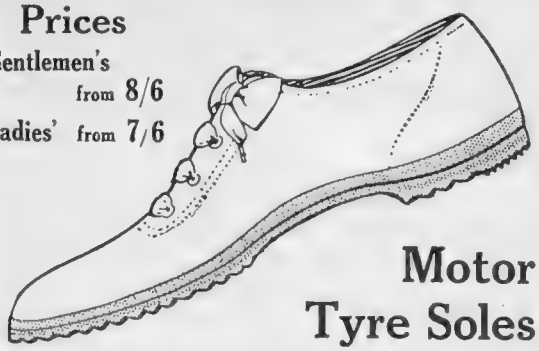
The "Blackbird" is generally the first fountpen a person buys because of its popular price. It is just the thing for the many little notes you may have to write at home or at business.

Its splendid gold nib, good sturdy holder and reliable feed, make it the best value in fountpens yet offered for 6/-.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS
List post free.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.,
Swan House, 133-135 Oxford St., London, W.1.

Prices
Gentlemen's from 8/6
Ladies' from 7/6



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Confidence in your shoes gives greater confidence in your play.

HOOD
Bayside
TENNIS SHOES

Baysides are fast, reliable, sturdy and smart; the Motor Tyre Soles are particularly tough and flexible. Give at least twice the wear of ordinary rubber soles. For better tennis, wear better shoes—Baysides.

The Hard Courts require a still sturdier shoe; you get this in the

HOOD
Hardkort
TENNIS SHOES

Thick rubber soles, insulated sock lining and, between the two, a cushion of felt. Eliminate all jar to the feet.

Prices
Gentlemen's from 17/6
Ladies' from 15/6

Section of Sole.

If any difficulty in obtaining these shoes, write us for name of nearest retailer.

HOOD RUBBER CO., LTD.
(C. W. RANDALL & CO., LTD.)
141, HIGH STREET, SHOREDITCH, LONDON, E 1.

Here is an actual photograph of our new 'My Lady' Closed-Back Model **Price 17/11**

British *v.* Foreign Corsets

Many corsets of foreign make are sold in this country under English-sounding names. These corsets are nearly always more highly-priced than British-made corsets of similar quality. "My Lady" Corsets are British-made throughout. They are designed and manufactured in this country, and combine moderate price with the old British characteristic of durability.

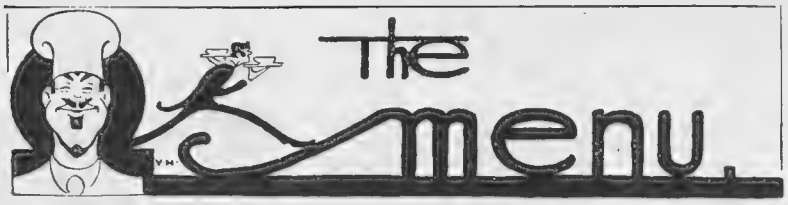
Choose "My Lady" a corset for every type of figure, with a full range of sizes.

Prices from 6/6 to 2 Gns

"My Lady" REG.D

"My Lady" Corsets are on sale at most high-class drapers. If you have any difficulty ask for name of nearest agent when writing for the "My Lady" style book.

WATERHOUSE REYNOLDS & CO. LTD.
BROWN ST. LEICESTER.



SOME DAINTY DISHES

Poulet à la Milanaise

Boil in a pan about two quarts of slightly salted water, then put in about ¼ lb. of macaroni, and let it boil for twenty minutes. It must be quite firm, and not inclined to break up. Drain the macaroni. Boil a chicken in stock, cut into joints, and put it into a stewpan with a quarter of a pint of tomato sauce and a quarter of a pint of Espagnole sauce, add the macaroni, seasoning, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar or lemon-juice. Stew these ingredients together for three-quarters of an hour, until the chicken is quite hot and tender. Dress on a hot dish, arrange the macaroni to form a bed, and dress the pieces of chicken on top. For the Espagnole sauce.—Cut up some slices of ham and any trimmings and giblets of the fowl. Put a lump of butter well mixed with flour in a saucepan, stir over a quick fire till a good brown colour, moisten with stock, a tumblerful of white wine, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer by the side of the fire for several hours, pass through a tammy, clear off all grease, and thicken with a little meat glaze.

Tomato Timbale

Boil ½ lb. of macaroni till tender, but not broken, strain it, and cut it into lengths which will fit a plain round mould, line the mould with it, arranging the top by bending the macaroni in a spiral form. Fill this timbale, or mould, with a mixture made of 1 lb. of tomatoes, 1 lb. of mushrooms, and a ¼ lb. of grated Parmesan cheese, all pounded together with 4 ozs. of butter and the yolk of an egg, season with a teaspoonful of salt and a grain of red pepper. Put a paper round the mould, and steam it for one hour. Turn out and ornament it with very small tomatoes on the top, and serve with mushroom sauce round it.

Poulets aux Trois Frères

This dish is not precisely new, being well-known in France, but I have never met with it in England. Cut up a chicken as for frying, but in much smaller pieces, that is, making two pieces of each leg, two of the breast, and two of the back. Melt enough butter to cover the bottom of a baking-dish, add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, put in the chicken, cover it with twenty-four very small onions very carefully prepared, and thirty small potatoes, each no larger than a walnut, and cut in four. Flavour all with salt, pepper, and a little mace. Put it in the oven. It should be done in forty minutes. The onions should be well done, and the whole dish a good brown colour. When dishing it, arrange it all very closely together, and pour over it three or four tablespoonfuls of hot dissolved glaze. The chicken is most delicious cooked in this way.

Asparagus à Tomates

Select about eight large tomatoes of even size, dip them in hot water for a second, peel them carefully, scoop out the centre with a sharp knife, and put them on the ice until required for filling. Cut about one pint of green asparagus tips into small pieces, boil them in salted water, and drain, add a pinch each of nutmeg and castor sugar, also paprika, and a dash of cayenne. Mix this with enough tartare sauce to well season the asparagus. Fill the prepared tomato cups with this, and cover the surface with a little stiff mayonnaise. Garnish with fancifully cut slices of cucumber. Dish up neatly and serve. EMILIA

Booth's
Quality Range

Price 12/6 per bottle

Since 1740, Booth's name has been associated with all that is best in Wines and Spirits.

In addition to the celebrated matured Dry Gin, there is Ginger Gin, Sloe Gin, and many other liqueurs, each one of the same high standard of quality which has been maintained for nearly two centuries.

You can always rely on getting the very best if you ask for Booth's!

Booth's Distillery, Ltd.,
55, Cowcross Street, London, E.C.

D. 1317

VICHY (France)

First-class Thermal Establishment

Season from May till October.

The Vichy Waters are prescribed for Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Diabetes, Congestion of the Liver, Stomach Troubles and affections of the Digestive Organs, Kidneys, Bladder, etc.

Vichy is situated at the foot of the Auvergne Mountains, surrounded by charming country, and the Establishment is considered to be the finest in the world.

Casino, Golf, Tennis, Horse Racing.

Hotel RADIO: Hotel and Restaurant under medical control; especially equipped for those visitors wishing to DIET.

Six Hours from Paris by Direct Train.

Children over-growing their strength.

When children grow very rapidly, it frequently happens that the bodily demand for food is greater than the ability to digest it.

The anæmic and weakly condition—not quite ill-health—which results, is medically described as "Malnutrition."

To overcome malnutrition, Doctors prescribe

BENGER'S
FOOD

in addition to the ordinary food. A cupful between meals and at bed-time is of the utmost benefit.

Benger's Food gives the extra bodily nutrition required, but places no extra task upon a child's digestion.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

Prices **1/4, 2/3, 4/-** and **8/6.**

BENGER'S FOOD LTD., MANCHESTER.

LIBERTY SILK & CRAPE SCARVES

IN WORLD-FAMED COLOURS

FOR DAY & EVENING WEAR
HAND-PRINTED IN CHARMING DESIGNS & A WIDE CHOICE OF LIBERTY COLOURS

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COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS POST FREE
LIBERTY & CO. REGENT ST. W.1.

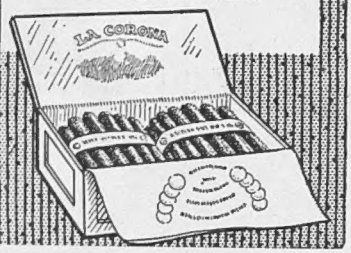
La Corona Half-a-Corona

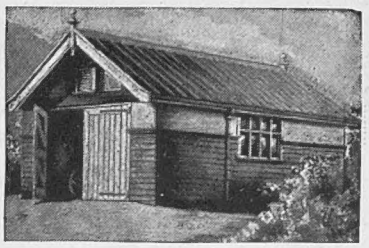
The only genuine miniature of Havana's most famous cigar. Half Corona size but *all* Corona quality.

A Liqueur in Havana Cigars.

Obtainable from all high-class tobacconists, 112/6 per 100, packed in boxes of 100, or 29/6 per box of 25.

MELBOURNE HART & Co.,
31-34, Basinghall Street, E.C.





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YOU can have a soundly-built B. & P. garage erected in your own grounds or garden at small cost, and in less than three weeks from date of order.

The illustration shows House No. B.202, which can be delivered immediately. It is portable, *i.e.*, made in sections, so that it remains a tenant's fitting, and can be moved if you change your residence at any time.

Write to-day for sizes and prices.

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HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS, NORWICH.

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THE LAND OF
HEATHER-CLAD HILLS AND DALES
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BUN FLOUR

RIDING BREECHES

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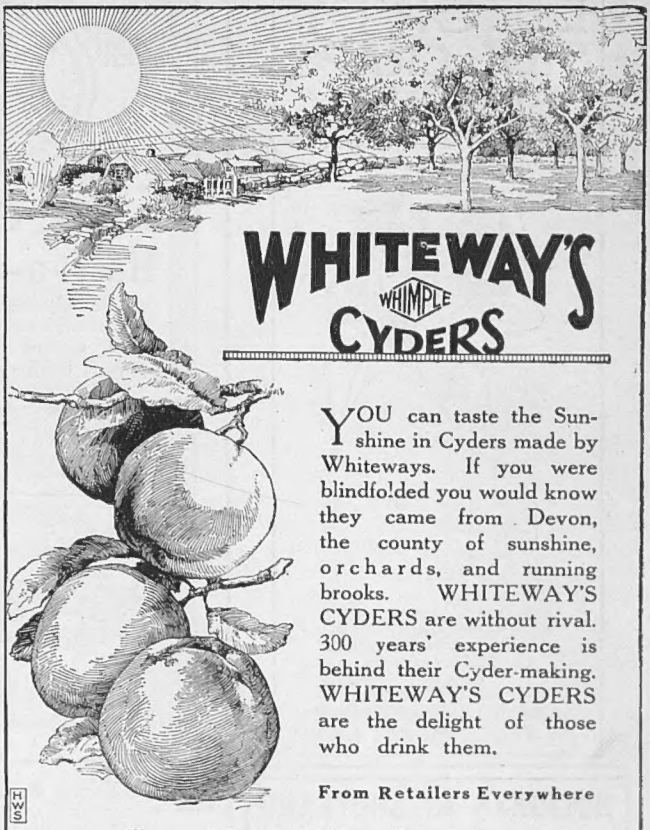

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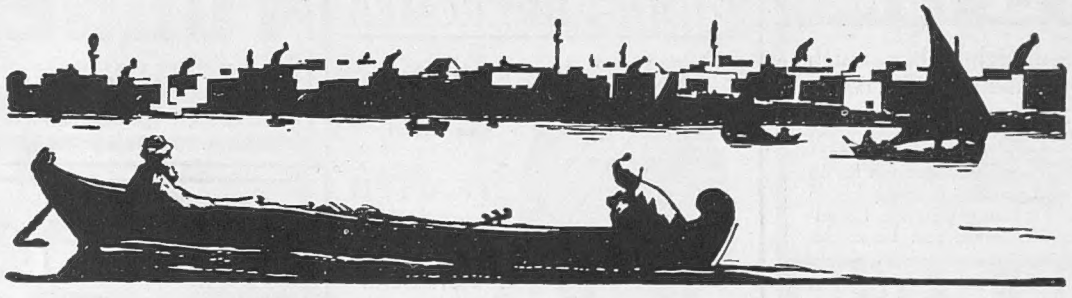

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Try Goodall's Salad Cream—you are *sure* to like it—you are *sure* to say you had no idea such a faultless cream existed. We have been making it for many years now, and each year, the experts say, we make it better still. So the 1922 creation, now at your grocers is simply *wonderful.*

Every day serve a heaping bowl of salad—

AND always—always—with GOODALL'S Salad Cream. That is the advice we've been offering you for weeks. Have you taken it or are your salads no better this year than they were last? You can never be wholly satisfied with your salads until you have Goodall's Salad Cream with them—there'll always be something lacking until you do. But when we convince you, when you decide to *try* a bottle—ah! *then* you'll be satisfied—you'll know you've nothing more to learn about salads.

Get a bottle to-day. Try two or three grocers until you get the genuine GOODALL'S—it's worth the trouble, but if you wish, and will send us the names of two grocers who haven't stocks, we will send you six 1/- bottles for 6/6 *post free.*

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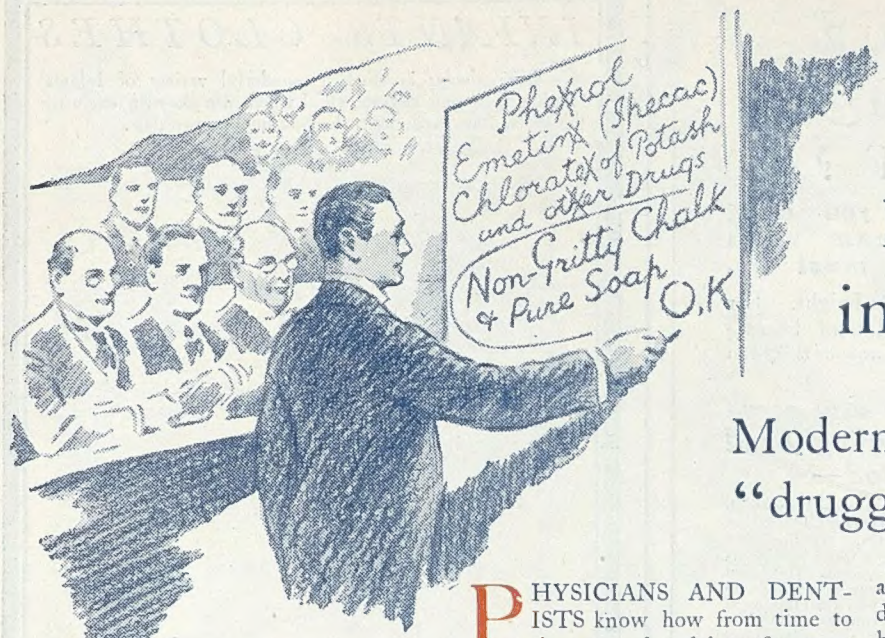


Passing Fads in Dentifrices

Modern science rejects "drugged" tooth pastes

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS know how from time to time extensive claims of one sort or another are put forward, attract attention, and pass out. Years ago phenol in a dentifrice was hailed as a dental cure-all. Later, peroxide appeared as a panacea to the teeth. Emetin (Ipecacuanha) suddenly promised more than any conscientious dentist could do by professional treatment in his own surgery. Chlorate of potash, too, had its day as the end-all of dental worries. But the pitiless test of time sweeps away absurd claims.

More recently the pepsin theory has been revived. The *Journal of Dental Research* has dealt very effectively with that.

QUESTION—What next? What will be the next drug used on which to build extensive claims for "patent medicine dentifrices"?

NOT A MEDICATED DENTIFRICE. During all these years Colgate & Co. have refused to "drug" their Dental Cream. They followed scientific authority in the contention that strong drugs are harmful to the mucous membrane of the mouth. Such drugs should not be used in a dentifrice except in the treatment of diseased conditions, and then only under the advice of a practitioner.

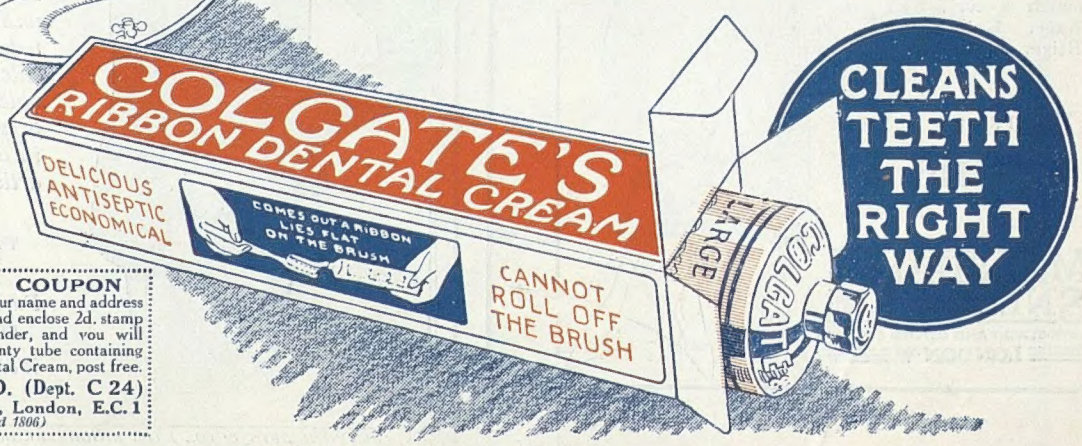
Colgate's stand with the members of the two great professions, who refuse to recognise the false claims of medicated tooth pastes, but who recommend to their patients a dental cream with thorough cleansing qualities, pleasant to taste, containing safe ingredients.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is very mildly alkaline, practically neutral, and cleanses without disturbing Nature's balance.

Recognising that all good dental creams aid cleanliness, Colgate & Co. ask no more than that professional men in advising should differentiate between the true and the pseudo-scientific.

Colgate's cannot harm the enamel or soft tissues—it leaves the mouth clean, cool, and refreshed.

COLGATE'S



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